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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Private Library

IT is curious that with all the ballyhoo of the personal and the individual in modern advertising so little has been said of a personal taste in books. You are urged (and what bunk it is!) by thousands of signboards and hundreds of thousands of magazine pages to establish your personality by smoking the same cigarette as several million others, or to show your individualism by a choice in refrigerators, but the advertisers of books have at least not asked the reader to prove his uniqueness by purchasing a best-seller. There is an implied compliment here: it is assumed that the lover of good books has a personality already, and will use it. And yet the proper appeal has not been made to him in recent years, or he himself has changed his habits for the worse. Certainly the collecting of private libraries (best evidence of individual taste in books) has declined in this country, and seems to be at its lowest ebb just now when certain opportunities for acquiring books were never greater.

Of the three types of private libraries, reference is here made only to the third. The collecting of rare editions, which is one way of making a library, is more widespread than ever before, and even the deflation of stocks has not seriously depressed the price of what might be called investment items. But this is a game either for the rich or for the specialist. It is the making of a collection rather than the forming of a library. Nor can the general reader aspire as a rule to the second and finest type of private library, a balanced representation of the important fields of knowledge and the imagination, built out book by book until those departments in which the owner is most interested are reasonably complete and every province has at least its key volumes. This is a true library, but there is no use urging the apartment dweller on a moderate income to such perfection. Nor is leisure so abundant now as to permit of the use of the ten thousand odd volumes which should be the minimum of such a library.

But there is a third type of library in the reach of everyone, and so desirable for civilized beings that its lack is certainly a sign of something wrong with the family life. Neither rare editions, nor the ramifications of possible knowledge, trouble the maker of such a library. He will depend upon public institutions for his investigations and distribute his money over standard editions rather than sink it all in a few rare books. He has two aims in making his library, which are, first, to keep or recover every book the reading of which has been an experience, or which contains needed information better kept between covers than in the head. His library in this aspect will be both a summary and an extension of his education and his culture. Looking at his shelves, he can see at a glance the names of what, bookwise, he knows and is. They have become an auxiliary memory in which his intellectual life can at any moment be lived again, with this superiority, that good books grow with the reader, and are new books in a true sense at every rereading.

Yet to these memorials of past experience the collector of a private library, third class, will add other books, the number of which will be determined only by his interests and his pocket book. These will be the books he wants and hopes to read, books heard of, books seen, books read about. The element of surprise, indispensable in a good library, will be found in such books. They are his speculative investments, the yields of which are potential. They represent possibilities of increment. Some will be discarded when read, some will die on the shelves unread, their interest shrivelled before they are even opened. But from these experimental volumes a stream of recruits will go to the shelves of the known and the permanent.

The present has chances for the formation of such a library. Shops are full of standard editions at low prices, and they are crowded with the overproduction of new books through the last few years, in which the innocent have suffered reduction with the guilty. There are the books one read about and missed, and the books one borrowed and liked but did not buy. If a hundred thousand Americans could be made to realize the difference between hand-to-mouth reading or the time-clock method where you pay by the reading hour—and a capital of good books, not frozen but flexible, some always going in, a few occasionally going out;—if they could be persuaded to begin the making of a private library, we should certainly provide the soundest and most reciprocally profitable of markets for books meant to become friends of the household.

The Twelve

By ALLEN TATE

THERE by some wrinkled stones round a leafless tree,
With beards askew, their eyes dull and wild,
Twelve ragged men, the council of charity
Wandering the face of the earth a fatherless child,
Kneel, at their infidelity aghast,
For where was it, some time in Syria
(Or maybe Palestine when the streams went red)
The victor of Rome, his arms outspread
His eyes cold with that inhuman ecstasy
Cried the last word, the accursed last
Of the forsaken, that seared the western heart
With the fire of the wind, the thick and the fast
Whirl of the damned in the heavenly storm:
Now the wind's empty and the twelve living dead
Look round them for that promontory form
Whose mercy flashed from the sheet-lightning's head:
But the twelve lie in the sand by the dried tree
Seeing nothing—the sand, the tree, rocks
Without number—and turn away the face
To the mind's briefer and more desert place.

This Week

"Dawn."
Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK.

"Lenin."
Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN.

"Bulwer: A Panorama."
Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT.

"The Tragedies of Progress."
Reviewed by STUART CHASE.

"Father."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"Ambrose Holt and Family."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"Starry Adventure."
Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE.

"Father Malachy's Miracle."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

A Worm's Eye View of the Elective System.
By JOHN CORBIN.

The Early Chinese Novel

By PEARL BUCK
Author of "The Good Earth"

THE Chinese novel has been, like the prophet of old, without much honor in its own country. Puritanism has not been the monopoly of western peoples. In China for centuries it has been considered beneath scholars to write or to read novels, and not until comparatively late was the whole field of fiction included in any official catalogues of the nation's literature, and not indeed until modern times have scholars openly spent time in the perusal and study of fiction. The change in these times has been greatly due to the influence of the western countries, whither young Chinese have gone for education and from whence they have brought back the western point of view toward fiction as a part of literature.

Even now few old scholars will acknowledge that they read novels or stories, much less write them, except as a recreation. This makes it very difficult to approach the subject of story and story sources, because the old scholars alone have the necessary learning and knowledge of early times for such a study. The young scholar in China seldom understands the literature of his country with any degree of thoroughness, and frankly prefers to read western novels or novels patterned after those of the west. One typical young man said the other day in answer to a question: "We find no interest in these old novels."

Among those who have been abroad for education, it is more likely that one will find a knowledge of Dickens and Thackeray and Elizabethan literature than of Shih Nai-an and Lo Kuan-chung and the glories of the Han dynasty. This fact has had the good effect, however, of awakening these students to the idea that other countries hold high in estimation the novel and story forms, and another generation of Chinese scholars should give much to the world of the excellences of the Chinese novel. Indeed, modern scholars are already re-discovering some of the best of these, and are trying to write modern commentaries on them. Chinese publishing houses are putting out new editions of old and famous novels, with modern prefaces and interpretations. Among the best of these, of course, are those edited by Dr. Hu Shih.

* * *

Western scholars as yet know almost nothing of the Chinese novel. Histories of literature are full of the poetry and scholarly writing of China, but even the great sinologues do little more than give a few brief pages to the subject of her novels and stories. They have accepted the old Chinese point of view, that these were unworthy of serious attention, fit only for idle recreation or for women to read.

Yet to the western student of literature the Chinese novel, once the difficulties of language have been overcome, offers a field of new and absorbing interest. The attitude of scholars has not been able to suppress the growth of story among the people, and indeed it may have been a good thing in the end that this form of literature has flourished without academic sanction and interest, for the result has been an astonishing vitality and likeness to life. In the books of moral philosophies one finds the Chinese as they would like to be; in other words, they are books of ideals. In the stories and novels one finds them as they really are, and no one who wishes to discover the real Chinese can afford to pass over lightly this immense mass of romantic and realistic portrayal of the people—portrayal for the most part of themselves by themselves.

For Chinese novels are astoundingly frank, and are faithful to life in a degree rarely attained by the

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western novel with its ideas of artistic technique. There are several reasons for this. One is that the custom of writing novels anonymously gave opportunity for much self-revelation and revelation of situations which otherwise could not have been written about. Scholars suffering from some private grief of which they could not speak to any soul, could and did find relief for their surcharged hearts by telling it in story form under an assumed name. To be sure, this anonymity has created other difficulties. Famous writers might in a summer of idleness write a story as pleasure and then be ashamed to sign their names to it. Other writers less famous have felt that their names as authors would carry no weight, and so have quite without compunction signed the name of some writer of a previous dynasty and then palmed the work off as an earlier production. But what has been lost in this way, has perhaps been more than gained in freedom of expression, and in the deep revealing of life and passion.

Another factor which has contributed to this freedom is that for the most part, certainly since the Sung dynasty, novels and stories have been almost entirely written in the vernacular or language of the people. This was done, not only because the scholars did not deign to write stories in their book language, but also because the sanction of the emperor in succeeding dynasties allowed the use of the vernacular. Early stories were at first spoken, and the emperors had always attached to their courts professional story tellers who amused them and reported to them of various matters. An emperor of Sung, Sung Ren-chung, was especially fond of stories, and had his statesmen tell them and then put them down as told to him. In the Yuen dynasty the emperors were Mongols who understood little Chinese and it became the fashion at court then to use the spoken or simple form of Chinese, and court fashion sanctioned that fashion among the people.

There could scarcely be greater contrast in the world than in the formal literature of China and this wild, unrecognized, but infinitely rich tree of life springing up beside it out of the heart of the people. The formal literature is pure, cool, classic, chaste to

courtesans, the simple women behind courtyard walls, who yet because they live so narrowly, live deeply in elemental instincts. These speak and move and love and die with artless naturalness. According to their several natures they murder as easily as they draw breath, or as easily take their own lives for love or disappointment. To read these books is for a westerner like lifting the veil which hangs between the continents and seeing at last clearly that when all the trappings of civilization are taken away, men and women are the same in the great elements of their being.

* * *

In spite of the disapproval of the literati and the moral teachers a tremendous amount of fiction has been written and read in China. One sees the shopkeeper at his counter, the wheelbarrow man sitting in the sun snatching a moment's rest, the soothsayer at his divining table, the youth on his way to work or school—any of the common people who can read—poring over small, paper-bound books printed with vilely small characters, chanting half aloud the adventures of some one like themselves. For the multitudes who cannot read there are the village story-tellers who gather about them for hours the men and women of the countryside and the street and hold them enthralled with their skill in words and the portrayal of emotion. I have seen a crowd of blue garbed working people, weeping unrestrainedly, their eyes fixed upon the twisted, tense figure of a story-teller, acting out in his own person, with his broken voice and streaming eyes, the sorrows of an imaginary, or perhaps historical, man or woman. When the moment becomes too poignant, he straightens himself, his eyes crackle, his voice bursts out into comic relief, and in a second the crowd is roaring with laughter, their eyes still wet.

In spite of all this mass of fiction and the almost universal interest in fiction among the common people of China, the novel proper was comparatively late in developing. Not indeed until the Yuen dynasty (A.D. 1200-1368) do we find novels of sufficient length and form to be really worthy the name. In that dynasty were written the great triad of novels which to this day stand for the perfection of the Chinese novel.

From the earliest times there has been stormy material in Chinese writings. Besides the story-tellers and the wandering troupes there have been written stories for many, many centuries. The first record of such stories goes back, according to Chinese historians, to the legendary age of Huang-ti (2704-2595 B.C.). He was the third of the series of five great emperors whom the Chinese group together under the name of the Five Rulers, or Wu-ti. Although his character is legendary, this remarkable emperor seems to have made the first official step toward the story by establishing a Board of Historians, divided into a right and left wing. The right wing had charge of writing the history of the nation, and whatever they wrote they were supposed to investigate and see that it was true. The result was called "Chen Shi," or true literature. This developed into history. The left wing had charge of writing down all the rumors and strange happenings of the empire, which might or might not be wholly true, incidents of supernatural or unusual nature, and descriptions of odd persons. Such writing was called "Yea Shi," or wild literature, and from this come the first stories. This early distinction between what was literally true or false is an interesting one, since it had something, perhaps, to do with the later discrimination against the story as literally untrue writing.

* * *

Another early source of the story was in the "bai-kwan," or court official, whose duty was to hang about the streets continually and report to the emperor all conversations he had overheard and sights which he had seen. He was called "the emperor's ear," and while the original purpose of his position was to discover plots against the throne and discontent among the people, there is abundant evidence to show that emperors enjoyed hearing the news, and to win royal favor, these officials made their reports into something like story telling for royal amusement.

A similar group of men were the professional talkers or *soh k'eh*. These men were literally men who made their living and obtained influence by being expert conversationalists and raconteurs.

about men of high place, particularly

s, and by their astute knowledge of

re and their minute study of personal

of men in authority they often controlled the destinies of the nation. In their talk they constantly used allegories and parable, and these stories filtered down through the people, and were repeated and written down and often embodied in longer tales.

Up to the Yuen dynasty stories dealt for the most part with the upper and noble classes in whom the common people were always interested. Then they began to be concerned almost exclusively with the common people, and from that time to the present have continued thus. The three novels of the period which stand out above all others are "The Record of Travels in the West," "The Three Kingdoms," and "Shui Hu Chuan" or "The Story of Shui Lake." Since they mark the height of the Chinese novel, it is interesting to note certain points concerning them.

"The Hsi Yu Chi," or Record of Travels in the West is a novel typical of the more romantic sort. With Chinese who delight in fabulous stories it is a great favorite, but it is one of the least interesting to the average western reader. It deals with the journey which Hsuan Tsang made to India to find relics and images and books of Buddhism. Rather, this is the occasion of the story, for beyond this there is no close relation between the plot and the journey. The hero is a monkey who learns magic and becomes master in the Taoist pantheon and even wishes to depose God himself. Buddha is asked to correct his misbehavior and proves to him his inability to rule the universe and at last the monkey is converted to Buddhism and helps Hsuan Tsang in his travels. The remainder of the story reminds one of certain passages of "Pilgrim's Progress," except that it has not the loftiness of style of that work.

More famous than this novel even is "The Three Kingdoms," or "San Kuo Chih Yen I," attributed to Lo Kuan Chung. It is an historical novel based upon the wars of the three part kingdoms which fought for supremacy about the beginning of the third century. It is a very long novel of many volumes, and deals with countless battles and feints and strategies. The characterization is excellent.

I have purposely left until the last the discussion of "Shui Hu Chuan," because of the three novels it is now enjoying the most marked recrudesence of interest. It is presumably by a writer who signs himself Shi Nai-an, although no one knows anything else about him. Briefly, it is a story of a band of robbers who inhabit a den in the mountains of Honan. The band is made up of a hundred and eight men, a mystic number inscribed first in stars upon the sky. All the book is made up of the histories of most of these characters and of those various injustices and inequalities in society through which they became fugitives and were compelled, some against their will, to join the banditry. The book abounds in humorous pictures; there is, for instance, a great coarse country fellow, accustomed to drinking and eating huge slabs of meat, who accidentally kills a man and is compelled to flee to a monastery and take sanctuary by becoming a priest. Humor is provided in the extreme difficulty he has in keeping the vows of abstinence and the puzzling of his simple mind when he is not allowed to eat and drink as he wills, and in his adventures when he wanders forth and waylays a wine seller and drinks until he is drunken, and then goes back to face the austere old abbot and the other priests who shudder and are helpless before his bulk and his naiveté. There is pathos and despair in such tales as the one of a man whose wife another man, young and spoiled and related to an official; loved and whom he seduced by the simple expedient of arresting the husband and sending him into exile.

This book has taken on new significance in these days of revolution when communism has laid such a hold upon the younger minds of the Chinese.

To the western critic the faults of these three novels as well as their excellences are easily noted. The great weakness is in plot. The plots are extremely complex and tend to many sub-plots badly subordinated. Characters are introduced in the greatest profusion, carried on a while, and then dropped for many chapters until they are loosely caught up at the end, or they may even fail to appear again and the thread is left hanging. This results in a novel of unwieldly length and of uncoördinated and disunified impression. Yet after the first distaste to something unaccustomed is past, one pauses to question whether or not after all, this fragmentariness is not in itself a simulation of life.

In these early novels there is no particularly skilful use made of description, especially of nature. In the later novels, such as in "The Dream of the Red Chamber," description becomes a more integral part of the book, but in these novels of the Yuen dynasty conversation and action are preëminent.

On the other hand, the characterization is excellent. A word, a touch, a gesture, and the figure flies into clarity before us. This is especially true of the "Shui Hu Chuan," where a person skilled in the language can perceive what character speaks merely by the idom and mannerisms used. One of the most charming qualities in all these novels is their spontaneity. There seems to have been in the minds of the writers an abundance of material, from which come with equal felicity humor or pathos.

* * *

But the faults and excellences of the Chinese novel to the western critic sink into insignificance beside the importance and interest of the picture of Chinese life and thought which these novels give us. It is a composite picture and full of fascinating change and contrast. One laughs with delight over a bit of humor irresistibly naive and realistic, and the books are full of such humor, as are the Chinese themselves. The next instant one is shocked by an apparent callousness to moral issues which to the Westerner seem elemental in the carrying on of society. Reading such books as "The Three Kingdoms" and the "Shui Hu Chuan" dispel forever the notion that the Chinese are a peace-loving people. They are a people singularly indifferent to the shedding of blood. As an old scholar once put it: "Strictly speaking, these two books are only killing back and killing forth," and another said, "We Chinese admire above all else prowess in war."

In "The Three Kingdoms," especially, there is a condoning of trickery and a somewhat degrading subterfuge which amounts to actual commendation of such things. It is significant that to this day the Chinese letter denoting honest or good carries with it a subtle hint of stupidity.

But all this is nothing either to praise or forgive. It is enough for our purpose if from the searching out of these old stories, which have their beginnings in the earliest times and which rise to a climax of style and form as early as the thirteenth century, we find a picture, surpassing in truth and faithfulness, of the great original, the Chinese people.

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Dreiseriana

DAWN. By THEODORE DREISER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK

BIOGRAPHY is the "revealing" (scandal) type, and now autobiography has become the popular vehicle for exploitation in a "personality" crazed world. "Dawn," the first instalment of Mr. Dreiser's ponderous life story. which has already been well worked over in his various novels, may be, as the publishers say, "truly the most intimate confession of youth since Rousseau." At least its author defiantly proclaims his purpose to "tell all" on the first page:

> The average earthling has frequently the greatest hesitation in revealing the net of flesh and emotion and human relationship into which he was born. . . . I am free to say here and now that I am in no way troubled by any such thoughts and feelings. I can feel sorry for him who is so fearful of life and so poorly grounded in any understanding of things that he is terrorized lest some one discover that his uncle was a horse thief or his sister a prostitute or his father a bankwrecker, but I cannot sympathize with his point of view.

Taste in such matters is, of course, unarguable, but the naked school of self-confessors should be sure before stripping for the public that they have underneath something to reveal which is significant, interesting, at least has some charm of manner if not of substance. Mere nakedness, male or female, no matter how completely exposed, is not necessarily arresting. Nor should the autobiographer resent it if his public deem the show not worth the making. If he "tells all" about himself and his nearest, he must expect to hear quite plain talk in return, as if he had been long dead.

Mr. Dreiser has always written clumsily, badly, even in his best novels, with a verbosity unparalleled in American letters. His style has not improved with exercise, and in this autobiographical volume is at its worst, abounding in tedious iterations of trivialities, Teutonisms, fumbling phrases, journalistic *clichés*, and what is even worse, sentimentalities and rhetorical flourishes altogether unlooked for in one of his literary creed and experience. Too many sentences end in exclamation or question or with an "Oh" (*ach?*). Such favorite terms as "chemisms," "religionists," "conventionalists," etc., smack of popular journalism rather than of literature. If style is in any degree the man (as some "conventionalists" still hold) there is much in Mr. Dreiser's personality as revealed autobiographically to offend the fastidious reader.

* * *

However, nineteen years of a human life (1871—1890) spent in a variety of small and large midwestern American communities as one of a large and varied German-American family, struggling, or fumbling with existence, on the border line of destitution, offers, one might think, an excellent opportunity to a novelist for portraiture, characterization, delineation of social backgrounds. Yet in spite of his proclaimed freedom in dealing with intimate facts Mr. Dreiser has succeeded in hacking out but one distinct character from the family group of ten brothers and sisters, father and mother. That one, his mother, emerges more by force of repetition than from skill in drawing. Indirectly through the impression this woman made on her son and on her other children, the reader creates for himself a large if somewhat blurred image of generalized traits. Never once throughout her tortured and haggard life is she allowed to speak for herself in convincing accents. Nor any of the brothers and sisters: they are presented through the novelist's woolly analyses. It is hard to distinguish them one from another, impossible to remember them. Hence their frailties of conduct as well as their virtues are insignificant.

The Dreiser family had few human relations outside themselves in their years of wanderings through Terre Haute, Evansville, Chicago, Warsaw, *et al*, singularly few! in which respect their story may be typical of the American process. That sort of nomad existence, moving from flat to small house, from small town to city and back again, as "the job" (or restlessness) dictates, would be incredible on any corresponding scale elsewhere in the world. With the advent of the motor car and bus this squirming, rootless form of existence has enormously increased. The mere record of the Dreiser migrations, of their ephemeral possessions (instalment bought), suggests a melancholy commentary upon our American civilization.

Mr. Dreiser dislikes the Roman Catholic faith in which he was brought up and derides it in terms little more tolerant than the mouthings of the Ku Klux Klan. To the poor education received in parochial schools he attributes much of his lack of adaptability to his early environment and his and his brothers' and sisters' ill success in finding and holding jobs. Yet when chance offered him a year at the state university of Illinois he had little more esteem for education of the purest American breed than for that of the parochial school and ridicules his teachers and what they taught as vigorously as Mencken at his crudest. One concludes that the lamentable maladjustment of the Dreisers to their various environments was more personal than social. Nevertheless, it is as a picture of harassed living, of the endless scramble for a sustaining foothold in existence, that "Dawn" presents a single claim for consideration. The chapters dealing with the author's jobs from real estate agent and driver of a laundry wagon to collector of bills are the most interesting, vivid, and credible in the book.

What as a youth he was really preoccupied with, as he reiterates, was sex, and secondarily with economic life as a means of satisfying his sexual desires. "Ah! to have money, good clothes, and a girl!" This perpetual sexual day dream may be more characteristic of puberty than our literature has hitherto admitted, but that most youths are so obsessed with erotic impulses even in our tawdry and spiritually starved society as Dreiser was is unlikely: the majority would end in asylums or prisons. He generalizes about this important element in his life as follows:

Illustration from an old volume, "Les Peuples de la Russie," by Charles de Rechberg

> For the second, third, and fourth decades of my life—or from fifteen to thirty-five—there appeared to be a toxic something in form itself—that of the female of the species where beautiful—that could effect veritable paroxysms of emotion and desire in me. . . . The mystery! The subtleties of physics and chemistry behind it! . . . We call it love. A word! Any other label that implies that a chemical formula such as a human temperament, embodied as flesh and displayed as a design, can evoke in another such form emotion and so release and exchange tides of desire and sensual relationship, would do as well. The form of a woman is the best expression of that design or geometric formula, and the word "Aphrodisiac" (Aphrodite) the best expression of the power of that form or formula upon its companion formula, the male.

Mr. Dreiser's "philosophy" is exceedingly simple, like that!

> The mental and physical appetites of man alone explain *him*. He is, regardless of ideals or dreams or material equipment, an eating, savage animal, and in youth, often in age, his greatest appetite sex. . . . There is no other direct first cause for man. Beyond that to be sure may lie other things—electro-physical forces in endless combinations and varieties—but evoking what more than is seen here and where?

As to man's moral sense he reflects thus (apropos of having stolen twenty-five dollars with which to buy a new overcoat):

> I, for one, did not propose that asserted moral law should interfere with my sharp human instincts, and the only thing to do then was to lie and pretend that I was moral, or at least avoid the subject so that I could not be put on record.

In the realm of politics and social organization Mr. Dreiser is equally naïve:

> What I truly believe is that law and all other governing devices and systems can be so calculated, where careful thought is taken, as to achieve the greatest possible latitude for all, consistent with the greatest possible peace and comfort, and each according to his talents.

A simple millenium!

This is the Dreiser faith. He has no other; he ridicules coarsely, boorishly, in the Mencken style, not merely the Catholic faith, but all religions, moralities, traditions, and conventions of belief (except television), with a singular lack of historical perspective for all the voluminous reading and meditation he calls attention to. Mankind is a "chemism" with a sex urge and many looney illusions about himself. Maybe so. But our younger and more radical realists, among whom Mr. Dreiser has long been the bell-wether, might reflect on reading his story how little they have to offer a perplexed world of charm, beauty, significance, for the despised illusions of the "religionists," "moralists," "conventionalists." Not even truth.

The Great Revolutionary

LENIN. By D. S. MIRSKY. Boston: Little Brown & Company. 1931. $2.50.

LENIN, RED DICTATOR. By GEORGE VERNADSKY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $3.

LENIN, GOD OF THE GODLESS. By FERDINAND A. OSSENDOWSKI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN
Foreign Policy Association

IT may be said, without exaggeration, that no figure in recent history has exercised a more profound influence on the thought and action of his contemporaries than Vladimir Ilyich Ulianov, who became known to the world under the pseudonym of Lenin. Born in 1870 of a middle-class family which held liberal political views, Lenin became the leader and organizer of a revolution which in scope and effect already appears to have surpassed that of 1789. The task of the biographer is, in a sense, facilitated by the fact that Lenin's life was indissolubly linked with the history of the Russian revolution. As Prince Mirsky points out, Lenin was primarily a *zoon politikon*, a "political animal." The story of his rise to power lacks the elements of mystery and personal drama which make so strong an appeal to the average reader; it is, however, charged with the suspense, the intuition of destiny, which are inseparable from selfless devotion to a cause.

The biographies of Prince Mirsky and Vernadsky reveal a notable difference in emphasis and interpretation. Both are well documented and draw their information from first-hand sources. Prince Mirsky, however, approaches Lenin as an apologist, Vernadsky as a historian. The former, in his preface, traces the course of his conversion to "Leninism," which culminated in the preparation of this book, when he gauged "the full extent of (Lenin's) greatness." The latter, while maintaining objectivity throughout, shows no evidence of the enthusiasm which colors the work of Prince Mirsky. Lenin, for Prince Mirsky, is a hero, a "maker of the modern world," whose pronouncements are uniformly valid and binding. For Vernadsky Lenin is a remarkable human being, who played an important part in Russian history, but who nevertheless showed occasional inconsistency in thought, as well as cruelty and weakness in action.

The two biographers are in agreement on many points. According to both, Lenin's genius consisted chiefly in his capacity to combine the most abstract theoretical thought with a keen understanding of practical realities. Although the greater part of his life was spent abroad in various intellectual pursuits, he did not suffer from the limitations of a closet philosopher, and in 1917 was ready to face the knottiest political and economic problems. Lenin never permitted his theories to hamper his action. Again and again, in the course of his revolutionary career, he retreated from positions which he had previously defended, when some other method of attack appeared more likely to achieve his purpose. A keen and, if one may use this phrase in connection with Lenin, imaginative student of Marx, he nevertheless did not hesitate to supplement the thought of the master. His unique contribution to the Russian Revolution was his ability to gauge the situation not in terms of pure Marxism, but in terms of Russia's social and economic development in the twentieth century, and its international position at the close of the World War.

Essentially a realist, Lenin opposed those elements of the Russian Social Democratic party which in the 'nineties of the last century relied on a "spontaneous" development of revolutionary tendencies among industrial workers. Lenin asserted that the workers, left to their own devices, would be content with the establishment of trade unions, thus hampering, if not jeopardizing, a thorough-going revolution. The

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workers, he claimed, needed leadership, organization, and training in the principles of Marxism: for these they could turn only to the bourgeoisie and the *intelligentzia*, which alone at that time possessed education and a modicum of political experience. At the same time he vigorously opposed any distortion of "proletarian" theory to serve petit bourgeois or capitalistic interests. When he realized, however, that the revolution of 1905 had temporarily failed, and that Stolypin was in control of the situation, he effected one of his famous retreats, and urged the Social Democrats to enter the third Duma, claiming that this course alone would permit the party and the proletariat to prepare for a new revolution. The chapters which Vernadsky devotes to the pre-war activities of the Social Democrats, especially the Bolshevik group, which acknowledged the leadership of Lenin, form an important contribution to the history of the origins of the 1917 revolution.

* * *

It must always remain a matter of speculation whether a Bolshevik revolution would have proved successful in 1917 had it not been for the outbreak of the World War. For Lenin the war was "a very useful bit of luck," which might precipitate world revolution. He advocated "a relentless and unrestricted struggle" with Russian chauvinism, and expressed the hope that Russia would suffer defeat, since defeat would open the way to revolution. Lenin's relations with the German government in March 1917, when he returned to Russia via Germany, have been the subject of considerable controversy. Lenin has been denounced by his enemies as a German agent, who re-entered Russia only on condition that he would demoralize the Russian army and thus insure Germany's victory on the Eastern front. Prince Mirsky dismisses these accusations as lies, and adds that "Lenin thought it better to become the victim of slander than to remain outside Russia when the fate of her revolution was being decided." Vernadsky does not undertake to pass definitive judgment on the matter. He believes, however, that even without actual collusion, the purposes of the German General Staff were essentially in harmony with those of Lenin, since both desired a breakdown of the existing system in Russia.

Lenin's subsequent actions were dictated by circumstances rather than by preconceived ideas. Despite opposition in the ranks of his followers, he concluded peace with Germany in 1918—a peace which he characterized as a "respite," which was to permit consolidation of the positions won by the revolution. When he found, contrary to his expectations, that the events of October, 1917, had not served as a "detonator" for a world revolution, he concentrated his attention on the suppression of civil war and the reconstruction of economic life within Russia's borders. Finally, when the economic system had suffered a complete breakdown and the country was faced by severe famine, he did not hesitate to introduce the New Economic Policy: a tax in kind was substituted for the grain requisitions which had aroused the hostility of the peasants, and the restrictions formerly placed on private trade were considerably relaxed.

* * *

The problem of establishing and maintaining a "dictatorship of the proletariat" in a country predominantly agricultural had long preoccupied Lenin, and it is in this field that he has perhaps made his most notable contribution to applied Marxism. Lenin believed that the industrial workers must be charged with leadership in the revolution, but that eventual success is conditioned on their ability to win the cooperation of poor and "middle" peasants, as distinguished from "rich" peasants who, to all effects and purposes, are supporters of capitalism. The Soviet government, according to Lenin, must make every effort to dissociate the poor and "middle" peasants from the "rich" peasants, and must achieve this purpose by fomenting "class war" in the villages. No permanent "link," however, can be forged between industrial and rural workers until the latter have been transformed from individual landowners into coöperative members of the Soviet community. Such a transformation, in Lenin's opinion, could be effected only by means of collectivization, which should be voluntary, and should be accompanied by industrialization of agriculture and electrification of the country. The industrial workers, in turn, must not rest on the laurels of Communist leadership, but must "go to school" with the capitalists, and adapt the methods which have proved successful in the capitalistic system to the problems of a Socialist state.

Even so cursory a survey of the two books under review reveals the amount of constructive work which Lenin accomplished during the period of 1917-1922, and the extent to which his ideas have determined the policies of his successor, especially with regard to the agrarian question. While neither Prince Mirsky nor Vernadsky succeed in writing so glamorous a biography of Lenin as that which was published in 1928 by the Rumanian, Valeriu Marcu, their books, taken together, form a valuable introduction to the study of Lenin's methods.

No such comment can be made regarding Ossendowski's "Lenin, God of the Godless," which is the worst example of fictionized biography which it has been the reviewer's misfortune to see. Not only is it a disconnected jumble of fact and legend, sensationalism and sentimentality, but it fails completely to recreate the figure of Lenin in its historical proportions. The title would suggest that the book was intended as anti-Communist propaganda on religious grounds; if such was the case, it defeats its own purpose by a treatment which is as offensive to literary taste as it is to historical judgment.

A Novelist's Marriage

BULWER: A PANORAMA. I. EDWARD AND ROSINA. 1803-1836. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT
University of Colorado

MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR, whose knowledge of the nineteenth century novel few critics and scholars can match, is following up his "Trollope" with an extended account of Bulwer Lytton, of which this is the first volume. The next volume, "Gore House," which is to cover the middle period of Bulwer's picturesque career, especially his relations with Lady Blessington, is already announced. The whole will unquestionably be one of the most copious and penetrating studies in existence not only of the novelist himself but of the political, literary, and social England in which he played so vigorous a part.

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, as he was originally and fully christened, possessed an almost excessive vitality. He was never first rate at anything. As novelist, as politician, as dandy he achieved the remarkable without ever quite going beyond into the realm of unique greatness. But in each capacity he left his mark and won the respect or the hatred of his greatest contemporaries, largely through that vitality which made of him a force never to be neglected. Self-centered, wilful, cold, affected, he was incapable of any real friendship, yet he was a well-known and important figure in all the powerful and fashionable circles. He was a man with whom it is impossible to feel any sympathy, although he constantly commands a sort of admiration for his courage, his talent, and his indefatigable activity. His wit and brilliance do not quite make compensation for the streak of meanness which disfigures so many of his actions.

This volume, dealing with his early life, naturally devotes itself mainly to the unfortunate marriage from the effects of which he never entirely escaped. Rosina Bulwer, *née* Wheeler, had little to recommend her except striking physical beauty and a fairly nimble satirical tongue. But these were enough to ensnare the young Bulwer, who married her in spite of the energetic prohibitions of his devoted mother. The tragedy began almost at once, and continued, degenerating sometimes into vulgar melodrama, for the next nine years, until finally a legal separation was necessary. Mr. Sadleir tells this story carefully and without bias, interlarding it with generous criticism of the novels which Bulwer incontinently poured forth during the course of the marital war. It must have been difficult, under the circumstances, to avoid taking one side or the other, but Mr. Sadleir does avoid it, and succeeds thereby in making the reader understand the real situation with greater accuracy than that to which the earlier less impartial biographers would have assisted him.

The Northcliffe Prize for 1930-31 has been awarded to Jean Giono's novel "Regain." This prize, given annually by Jonathan Cape for a French work of imagination, is a reciprocal award to the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize, given by a French paper for an English book. The latter has just been awarded to Richard Hughes for his "High Wind in Jamaica," published in this country under the title of "The Innocent Voyage."

Woe! Woe!

THE TRAGEDIES OF PROGRESS. By GINA LOMBROSO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by STUART CHASE

"IN order for the world to recover a normal rhythm, it is necessary for industrialists and farmers to persuade themselves to produce in proportion to the consumers they have, and not for those they would like to have." Thus our author—daughter of a great criminologist, wife of the great historian, Ferrero—strikes her keynote. She tells us that mankind *lived* in the handicraft age; now, in the age of mass production, it only *exists;* its faculties, senses, its very humanity, dulled and brutalized by mechanization. In brief she joins with Spengler, Austin Freeman, Ruskin, and the rest of the Gloomy Philosophers who, regarding the forces let loose by James Watt, beat their breasts, crying Woe! Woe! She pleads for decentralization, a return to small scale production, fabricating goods for a known local market, and revitalizing them with the personality of the maker and the spirit of craftsmanship. She is prepared, however, to admit a certain amount of modern chemistry and electric power into her remodeled world, and would not brand as criminal a man who carries a watch, as did Samuel Butler in "Erewhon."

With all the certainties of the New Era economics collapsing about us today, there is a good deal to be said for Madame Lombroso's thesis. At any time there is much to be said for industrial decentralization. I have been arguing it myself for years. Our author tends, however, to be an all or nothing philosopher—or even more strictly, propagandist. She says that the ancients—Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks, Romans—discovered all our modern mechanical laws and the pure science which lay back of them, only to quash their application because of the human havoc they foresaw mechanization would bring. With the highest respect, this is nonsense. The ancients made only very slender mechanical progress to begin with; they had, you will remember, no zero, without which engineering of a high order is unthinkable; and, by virtue of their huge slave populations, they had no imperative need for labor-saving devices, to end with. Here, as elsewhere, the author pushes her case beyond the boundaries of fact and reason.

She is prone also to use such hollow words as morality and justice in pursuit of her argument. The handicraft age cherished morality and justice, the machine age crucifies the same. Again with the highest respect, fiddlesticks. Has she forgotten *le droit du seigneur*, the institution of serfdom, the Inquisition, all sturdy products of the handicraft culture? These words mean nothing in the premises, and have no place in an economic presentation such as this purports to be.

The book is larded with facts, many of them of great interest, but it is not a scholarly document. It is one of those books where columns of figures and processions of dates seek unsuccessfully to hide a passionate conviction. To my mind the case would have been stronger—and Madame has a case—if it had been written frankly as a polemic, letting scholarship go hang itself to the nearest tree.

A diary kept by R. L. Stevenson's nurse, Alison Cunningham ("Cummy"), has been presented to the Stevenson Museum at Edinburgh. The diary records a Continental tour made with the Stevenson family when "R. L. S." was twelve. He was only eighteen months old when she was engaged as his nurse.

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Flight Into Adventure

FATHER. By ELIZABETH. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THIS latest novel of Elizabeth's is another story of flight. It is a theme that has appealed to its author from the first. People in her books are always getting away from something, getting into something else. Sometimes they run away to enchanted cottages hanging on to the eyebrows of the earth, sometimes they run away only as far as a beauty parlor, trying to leave too many years behind, but almost always they are pressed upon by the ordinary and they demand more.

In this case it is Jennifer fleeing a routine sacrificial life. "Mother said, dying, 'You'll take care of father, won't you—' " and Jen had promised. But when, after twelve solid, faithful years of such care, Father returned one afternoon, without a single previous word, *married*, and to a girl quite obviously much younger than Jennifer, then Jennifer saw joyous release in sight.

Father's marriage was the result of no fine careless rapture: it was contracted, actually, in the interest of his literary style. For some time he had noticed that a certain lushness entered his style in the spring, that his writing seemed during the nesting season more full "of, as it were sop." When the critics remarked that his style was "curiously broadening," that was too much. Father compromised with the lushness, he married.

Jen is free, and as soon as the odd bridal couple is off on its honeymoon she, with an enveloping thrill noticeably lacking in them, sets forth on her own to hunt a cottage with a garden. She finds it of course —when has an Elizabethan lady-errant not found a delightful cottage? And she finds a clergyman who fits exactly under her apple tree. By daylight he is shocked by Jennifer but by starlight he shocks them both, and so further flights begin, only to end, very satisfactorily to the living, with Father's death.

Even Elizabeth has never done a more delightful and devastating male portrait than that of Father and she has a long gallery of mercilessly revealed men. She needs no villains in her books because she tells the truth about her heroes and heroines. In the most charming manner in the world she deftly strips her people of every compensating little disguise. They stand before us dismayed, with their pet foibles piled carelessly and revealingly around them. And we are distinctly pleased, for it is as if we had discovered for ourselves all these amusing and surprising things about people.

Elizabeth's brilliant and finished style gives the effect of being casual; her very real plumbing of human nature is carefully hidden behind the lightest of satirical touches; she is a dangerous woman, writing her truths so gayly that they pass for her own irridescent fancies.

Ordinary Lives

AMBROSE HOLT AND FAMILY. By SUSAN GLASPELL. Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

A COMEDY of respectability might be the substitle of Susan Glaspell's fifth novel, which deals in the lucid and frank style peculiar to the author with the fairly common case of an underestimated wife. Her heroine, Mrs. Lincoln Holt, is an intelligent person, as is her husband, who to complicate affairs is also a poet of consequence and a successful business man. From force of habit and preoccupation, however, he refuses to consider his wife as anything more than a properly loving and quite subordinate helpmeet. In addition, she is called "Blossom" by all her friends, in spite of the fact that, as she says, she does not feel at all that way. Life for her is consequently smooth but somehow not all it might be, until the abrupt appearance of her husband's supposedly disreputable father upsets this deadly tranquillity and shatters its respectable, well protected core. After her defense of old Ambrose Holt, who proves to be in reality nothing more terrible than a wise and charming vagabond, her husband leaves her, returning only after tragedy has restored his sense of proportion and enabled him to discover the true stature of his wife.

This not over promising nor too original tale is told with great skill by Miss Glaspell. Her command of dialogue and the finer shades of humor illustrates and colors admirably the comedy of "Blossom" and her too, too perfect home life, surrounded by luxury, beauty, and undiscerning affection. The dramatic side of the case is not overemphasized. Better still is the author's deliberate avoidance of all echoes of Ibsen's heroines with their third act declarations of feminine independence. There is, in fact, a complete suiting of mood and manner to subject and personages. With a sole exception, each person in the book stands firmly upon his feet, a recognizable and familiar entity in whom the reader may easily discern the truth of the whole narrative. The character who is after all the most important in the book, the business man poet, Lincoln Holt, is the only one left, perhaps purposely, a little vague in outline and mysterious in action.

The sense of what Henry James somewhere called "the profoundly ordinary" side of life, which has so often stood Miss Glaspell in good stead, has seldom been more in evidence than in this book in which no person or event is at all extraordinary,—certainly not the much maligned father-in-law,—while the effect is nevertheless deeply significant. In a day when so many literary successes are founded upon shrewd exploitation of the exotic or picturesque in background and the abnormal or exceptional in characterization, it is pleasant to find Miss Glaspell using her ample craft to illuminate and make more comprehensible the lives which nine-tenths of the readers of books, in spite of their cinema fed dreams, will continue to lead for the rest of their days.

New Mexico

STARRY ADVENTURE. By MARY AUSTIN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

Author of "Laughing Boy"

IN telling of Gardiner Sitwell, her hero, Mrs. Austin writes, "Today all these things came together suddenly in a pattern, like the click of colors in a kaleidoscope, and the name of the pattern was New Mexico." In that strong sentence she has given the text for "Starry Adventure," and described an experience which, none who read the book can doubt, was long ago her own. The book is New Mexico; not the tourist-pleasing Indians, not the pseudo-picturesqueness of the pamphlets, not dude-ranches nor yet mythical gun-toters of a non-existent frontier, but the world that does today surround Santa Fé, described with a passionate realism. Mexicans, Anglo-American settlers, "lungers," Indians, priests, missionaries, tourists, rich summer visitors, form a parade and become real against a background that has its own, dominant personality that permeates their lives and inspires the narrative.

New Mexico, the whole, is the greatest thing in the story. Like the masked figures of Indian dancers, the characters are abstractions, or symbols, highly simplified. In the case of Gardiner Sitwell, and the two women, Jane and Eudora, between whom he struggles, one fears sometimes lest the surrender of fully analyzed character in favor of the archtype may have gone too far, but the frankness of the process saves it. As anyone who has known Indians has learned, through conventionalized figures one may attain an extraordinary analytical realism which goes far beyond the usual minute study of a single individual. This seems to have been Mrs. Austin's intention, and she has succeeded in it admirably. Her handling of some situations is ruthlessly direct.

There are moments, particularly near the end of the story, when the author's hero escapes her, although at other times, both as a small boy, and as a man fighting a man's battle within and outside of himself, she has him well in hand. She is more consistent with her women, despite the fact that she does not stop to explain them, but lets us see them only through Gardiner Sitwell's eyes. In limiting his perceptions to what might be expected of him, and yet giving clear pictures of her other characters, she has that fine craftsmanship which does not betray itself.

The story is strong in local color; incidents and descriptions are not dragged in, but arise legitimately in the progress of the plot or development of character. Penitents, tourists, and the little adobe towns fill the book with authenticity. The lavish use of Spanish phrases sometimes, to be sure, gives an overburdened effect; one feels that they are introduced unnecessarily, where English would be logical, and the constant use of footnotes to explain their meanings is depressing in a novel.

There seems to be some curious difficulty for North Americans in handling the Spanish language; one almost never finds a book in which even casual phrases are correct in spelling, grammar, and accent. This is unfortunately true in the present instance. The spelling is fairly correct, and certain curiosities of grammar, such as *buenas dias* (for *buenos días*) and *se muerte* (for *está muerto* or *se mudió?*) may represent peculiarities of the New Mexican dialect, but the accenting is lawless.

These, however, are but minor flaws; in the main the use of Spanish is justified and sympathetic, and the average reader will not worry over details of correctness; the effect is what one wants, and the effect is gained. The book transports one to the scene in which the story is laid; it offers the reader more of the real New Mexico than he could find in many months of travel under the ægis of the tourist companies.

A Modern Miracle

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. By BRUCE MARSHALL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

THIS is the story of how Father Malachy Murdock, priest of the Benedictine monastery at Fort William, near Glasgow, was sent by his abbot to Edinburgh on a special mission, and while there in that hard-headed, ultra-Protestant city performed an authentic miracle. The circumstances surrounding the performance of this miracle are all to be found, set forth in choice and extremely witty English, in a novel which has not recently been equalled for daring, joyous, but by no means irresponsible, satire. Father Malachy, a simple and Christlike man, desires to bring Edinburgh—the whole world indeed—back to the true faith; the true and humble faith which can, with God's help, if it seem advisable, remove mountains. However, it is not a mountain which Father Malachy removes; it is what his Scotch bishop invariably refers to as "yon paly de donce." This dance hall, called the "Garden of Eden," was a sore trial to the priests of the Church of Saint Margaret of Scotland, for it was situated just across the street from that respectable establishment. So Father Malachy, imprudently challenged thereto by the Reverend Humphrey Hamilton of the heretical church of St. Ninan, causes the Garden of Eden to be removed, in the twinkling of an eye, to the top of the Bass Rock, lying many miles away to the northeast, in the Firth of Forth. And then the trouble begins.

Father Malachy, remember, was a simple, unworldly man. He had therefore supposed, in his simplicity, that "when those who had despised religion as superstition heard of this vindication of the miraculous, all that they could possibly do would be to kneel in the dust and ask God to forgive them for their past unbelief." Not so.

> Edinburgh was not to be taken in by any of that popish hanky-panky. That sort of thing was all very well for Italian ice-cream merchants and temperamental South African operatic tenors, but it cut no ice where Edinburgh was concerned. The miracle was no miracle at all; it was just auto-suggestion or mass-hypnotism or sheer fraud. As one devout old lady remarked to another devout old lady in front of the scene of the miracle: "Thae Catholics is wrang, Jeannie; and even if they prove they're right they're wrang." Against the logic of such illogic even the gates of heaven could not prevail.

Mr. Marshall knows men and women; he knows this preposterous old world only too well. He has been able to foresee precisely what would be likely to happen under such extraordinary circumstances. But one must not rob him of his story, a wise and brilliant *tour de force*, which must be read for its audacity, its gusto, and the full flavor of its sub-acid implications. And it is filled with sharply etched characters of priests and laymen, and with scenes of high and perilous comedy between them. The Scotch bishop is a masterly characterization, and his scene with "il Cardinale Vassena di Santa Maria della Pace," the papal delegate, is perhaps the high spot of this disturbing, scandalously honest, and spiritually intuitive and refreshing book.

And the meaning of it all? Oh, but there are many meanings for many sorts of men, who will pay as little attention to them as they would have paid to Father Malachy's miracle. But here is one:

> "Sure" (said Father Neary) "and miracles are intoirely out of fashion these days. If one were to take place in His Lordship the Bishop's bedroom the Right Rivirend ould gint would be after hushing the indaicency up."

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

A FRIEND gave me a little book of poems, *A Poor Man's Riches*, by Charles Dalmon, published some years ago by Methuen in London. With my usual slowness it took me several months to realize the quality of what he had given me. Dalmon's verses are mostly about the Sussex countryside; many of them have pleasantly particularizing titles, such as "Lament of an Old Sussex Harvest-Bottle in the Brighton Museum," "To a Thrush Cracking a Snail's Shell," "A Kingfisher's Flight by Shelley's Pond at Warnham," "Trout Leaping in the Arun Where a Juggler Was Drowned." They have a most delicate and loving simplicity, and are troublesome reading on a warm green working day when the open window looks into a birdy woodland. Three samples:—

A CATERPILLAR'S APOLOGY FOR EATING A FAVORITE GLADIOLUS

Confuse not me with impious things;
But wait for the appointed hour
When you shall see your vanished flower
Reborn resplendent in my wings!

IN THE RIPE OCTOBER AT STEYNING

Some worship in St. Cuthman's church,
And others in their various chapels,
But we will worship by ourselves
In orchards full of rosy apples.

For He who made their blooms in spring,
And set them in the sunny weather,
Now sweetens all their juiciness
For us to feast on them together.

So we will stay away from church,
And pass the doors of all the chapels,
And go and laugh and sing with Him
Who loads our trees with rosy apples.

DISTANT TRAINS HEARD IN A SYLVAN SOLITUDE

I hear as from deep sleep awaking,
Discordant sounds that slowly cease—
The waves of Civilization breaking
Along the holy shores of Peace.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Our private nomination for the book-surprise of the summer, the book that most deftly conceals deep wisdom and beauty beneath its enchanting comedy, the book that the surface reader will think is sacrilegious but which contains more true piety than a thousand ranting sermons, is *Father Malachy's Miracle*, by Bruce Marshall.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

P. R. F., who teaches in a Long Island grammar school, tells us about one of her pupils:

Mattie is a sizeable colored girl who goes South to pick cotton part of the year and the rest of the year spends at ——— school. She always returns to the 3rd grade. Not long ago I discovered that Mattie had taken out from the library the *Personæ* of Ezra Pound. Of course I was amazed; I hurried after her and explained that she wouldn't be able to understand it. I said, "Why even a high school student wouldn't understand it." But Mattie was not daunted. She replied, "Oh, yes'm. I understand it all right. I come from the South and we get more education down there."

The next book she took out was *Dos and Donts for Business Women*.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

At this time of year many clients hanker for a little French. It may please them to see the courteous memorandum that a French publisher sends out with review copies of his books:

Les Editions G. Van Oest présentent leurs compliments distingués à Monsieur ——— et lui adressent un exemplaire de l'ouvrage ——— par ——— en le priant de bien vouloir en rendre compte dans *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Elles seraient très reconnaissantes de l'envoi du numéro contenant le compte rendu ou d'un tirage à part.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

For shipboard reading the pleasantest work remains Paul Reboux: *Le Nouveau Savoir-Vivre* (published by Flammarion, Paris) which we have praised here before. M. Reboux's advices to travellers include "La nuit en wagon":

Si vous devez passer la nuit avec des inconnus moins commodément qu'en sleeping-car, évitez, d'enlever vos chaussures, mais délacez-les complètement.

Remplacez votre veston par un gilet de laine à manches et votre faux col par un foulard noué autour du cou. Si vous avez pris soin de ne pas revêtir des vêtements ajustés et de vous chausser largement, vous n'éprouverez pas, au réveil, de l'incommodité.

Une femme doit éviter de dormir en wagon, ou, si elle y est obligée, se vêtir de manière masculine, en tailleur, avec cravate et chemise chemisier. Ainsi, elle paraîtra, au réveil, moins découronnée de son prestige que si elle est en robe fripée et défraîchie.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I cannot entirely agree with the Prince of Wales as to the ineffectiveness of British advertising. For instance, I believe that the maps, posters and newspaper notices of the London Underground Railways have never been excelled anywhere. I have no notion whether they have produced the desired results, but certainly millions of observers have admired them and many (myself included) have even made pilgrimage to the main office of the Underground (decorated,. incidentally, with Epstein sculptures) and bought copies. I wish those posters were reproduced in postcard size. I was so pleased by one of their newspaper ads (which I reproduce herewith) that I saved it and slipped it in my copy of Keats.

THE NIGHTINGALE
'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music.'
S. T. COLERIDGE
WHY NOT TAKE AN EVENING IN THE COUNTRY? TRY BUS NO. 59 FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO MERSTHAM, OR TRAM NO. 66 FROM CRICKLEWOOD TO CANONS PARK FOR WALKS TO STANMORE HILL. NIGHTINGALES WILL SING
LONDON'S UNDERGROUND

Similarly I thought that a recent announcement of Sir Charles Higham, the London advertising agent, was excellent copy. It began thus:

wanted

A Beer ..... *as good as* **Bass**
A Saline ..... *as good as* **Eno's**
A Whisky ..... *as good as* **Haig**
A Stocking ..... *as good as* **Morley's**
A Fabric ..... *as good as* **Celanese**
A Food ..... *as good as* **Ovaltine**
A Biscuit ..... *as good as* **Crawford's**
A Petrol ..... *as good as* **Shell**

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM

believes that articles as good as those mentioned above are made by other makers, but are not, as yet, so well known to the Public. He desires to help to make them famous—advertises the fact, in the hope that this advertisement will catch the eye and the attention of the manufacturer who wants real advertising advice and help, and more business.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Speaking of the effectiveness of advertising, a catalogue from Dobell's bookshop in London lists "An Advertisement Sheet of Four Quarto Pages" about Dr. Robert James's Powder for Fevers, which was so vigorously promoted in the 18th century that it was supposed to have caused or hastened the death of Oliver Goldsmith.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I had noticed somewhere—I think in one of Cutliffe Hyne's old yarns, always excellent bedtime reading—an allusion to *The Cruise of the Midge*. Then, by one of those coincidences that happen innumerably, the next day I came upon this in the monthly leaflet from Goodspeed's in Boston:

We have a newspaper clipping, source unidentified, which declares "no old-fashioned library is complete without *Tom Cringle's Log*." Be that as it may, there is no doubt about its rank as a favorite among stories of the sea and of the West Indies. The same clipping quotes John Masefield as of the rather remarkable opinion that Michael Scott, Tom Cringle's creator, is "a much more brilliant writer" than Marryat, Dana, or Melville. Mowbray Morris, Scott's editor, remarks: "Coleridge, stooping for the moment from the seventh heaven to this common earth, called it [*Tam Cringle's Log*] most excellent," and Morris also records many contemporary and later praises of the book.

Tom Cringle made his first appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1829, in a series of scattered descriptive sketches of the West Indies. These sketches were later incorporated as *Tom Cringle's Log*, which first appeared in book form in Edinburgh in 1833. Scott's second sea tale, *The Cruise of the Midge*, also ran serially in *Blackwood's*, appearing as a book in 1836. Both novels were published anonymously, and their author's identity was not revealed until after his death. We have first editions of both *Tom Cringle* and *The Cruise of the Midge*. Each novel is in two volumes, duodecimo, and bound in half blue levant by Riviere. We are asking fifty dollars for the four volumes.

Are these famous old books in circulation in any inexpensive modern reprint?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Folder always has on hand an assorted lot of clippings saved from Captain Felix Riesenberg's "Rough Log," his weekly department in the *Nautical Gazette*. Few journalists have ever been so successful as Captain Riesenberg in putting down on paper exactly what happens to be on his mind, without what Woodrow Wilson used to call "soft concealments." One warm day last summer Captain Riesenberg made a memorandum which should not be limited to his faithful congregation of shipping men:

Take a very ripe watermelon, cut out a plug at each end, then drill through from stem to stern. Fill this cored-out hole as follows: Insert one of the plugs, place the melon on end and pour in a pint or so of flavor. If outside the 12-mile liberty line use a good grade of gin, say Gilbey's London Dry. Gilbey, by the way, distills by appointment to H.M. the King.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

On June 5—the 21st anniversary of O. Henry's death—Appletons are publishing *The Caliph of Bagdad*, by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice; the first completely candid biography of O. Henry that has been written, and a book that the publishers justly describe as "rich and free and robust." As one would expect from the authors, old friends of Sydney Porter, it is mellow, informal and witty, full of anecdote, sentiment, and the tragic ironies that marked O. Henry's destiny. I have not yet had opportunity to do more than glance through it, but I can't resist quoting O. Henry's reply to one of the tedious people who pestered him for a formula on short story writing:

The first step is to get a kitchen table, a wooden chair, a wad of yellow fool's cap writing paper, one lead pencil and a drinking glass. They are the props. Then you secure a flask of Scotch whiskey and a few oranges, which I will describe as the sustenance. We now come to the plot, frequently styled the inspiration. Combining a little orange juice with a little Scotch, the author drinks the health of all magazine editors, sharpens his pencil and begins to write. When the oranges are empty and the flask is dry, a saleable piece of fiction is ready for mailing.

There is much yet to be said about that extraordinary writer. He had no talent, nothing but genius. Bob Davis and Arthur Maurice remark that "Evasive is the word that best sums up the personal O. Henry."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I don't quite know why The Folder has clung so obstinately to a sentence clipped from the London *Times* last summer. It occurred in an account of a cricket-match—England vs. Australia. Perhaps it was saved as an illustration of the almost incredible gulf between English sports reporting and our own. I ask if you can imagine a more devious sentence than this:

Any captain would have been extremely glad to have won the toss, but the pitch was not so completely insensitive to spin that the bowlers need have despaired of making the ball do a little more than the reasonable calculations of the batsmen had allowed for.

The sporting news is the one department of American journalism where writing is almost always crisp, direct, inventive, and gay.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Bowling Green's broodings on comparative circulations of the SATURDAY REVIEW in different States have elicited some cheerful letters. I wish I had not mislaid a lively communication* which attributed the relatively large number of subscribers in Cleveland to Mr. Canby's powerful influence upon the many Yale alumni of that city. "But that," added our correspondent (whom I quote only from memory) "does not explain the pre-eminence of California, for the Yale influence comes to an end about 50 miles West of Cleveland."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

* The letter appears on page 886.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Spirit of Hull House

THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE. By JANE ADDAMS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

IN "Twenty Years at Hull House," Jane Addams recounted the founding and the early days at that settlement. Hull House signalized the growth of a settlement movement, which has conferred important benefits on American society, and for which Miss Addams is largely responsible. The settlement applied scientific method to the study of social conditions, anticipating, and influencing our academic development of sociology; it trained a competent body of research workers, who have since devoted their talents to national and international problems; it demonstrated that coöperative, democratic efforts could surmount harsh class distinctions; it revised a "leisure class" conception of aimless benevolence and charity; it stimulated, encouraged, instigated, inspired, and assisted in the organization of numberless movements for social reform and social amelioration.

Reading "The Second Twenty Years at Hull House," one senses a change, not only in that settlement, but in the function of settlements themselves. Last May, Robert Morss Lovett mentioned this in the *New Republic*. Hull House has developed from a stage of young and enthusiastic experiment to one of confident routine. Its contact with its neighbors has been lessened by the sacrifice of its early functions to separate institutions, such as the Juvenile Protective Association and the Immigrant's Protective League. Also, the settlement can only be of patchwork service to the poor, furnishing them with social contacts, and doing ameliorative work in isolated cases; the poor will have to take the initiative in abolishing their poverty. The circle of events touching Hull House, and absorbing the time and attention of its residents and ex-residents, has widened and widened until it is world-wide in scope. Miss Addams's second chapter, "The Progressive Party," describes the beginnings of this transition. The Progressive Call was a cry for social workers and social idealists who had been struggling in relative isolation, and who had perceived that reform must be national, and must deal with problems that affected the nation as a whole.

Of her experiences on the platform committee at Roosevelt's 1912 convention, she writes:

> The members of the committee had all experienced the frustration and disappointment of detached and partial effort. They had come to the first national convention of the Progressive Party, not only to urge the remedial legislation which seemed to them so essential to the nation's welfare, but to test its validity by the "inner" consent" of their fellow citizens, to throw their measures into the life of the nation itself for corroboration.

The movement focused in the campaign of 1912, registered distinct gains in the form of legislative measures, but the American declaration of war sucked it of vitality and integrity. Miss Addams remained one of the few American liberals who was opposed to the war. Succeeding chapters record events following the campaign, and show Miss Addams in affairs far from Hull House. One chapter describes "Efforts for Peace in Time of War," and deals with Jane Addams's tireless work for peace. Her most important single pacifist service was her ceaseless effort to establish a conference of neutrals that would be a source of mediation for the belligerents. She was also active in the International Congress for Women at the Hague in 1915, which anticipated Wilson's fourteen points. Her war-time activities have been carefully and fully told in a longer writing, "Peace and Bread in Time of War."

Other chapters deal with women's suffrage, the younger generation, the decade of prohibition, the post-war panic, when Miss Addams was attacked by such organizations as the D. A. R. She also makes one of her intelligent pleas for fairness to the immigrant, and for racial equality. One quality which distinguishes her from many elderly liberals is open-mindedness. Unlike them, she is not touchy on the failures of her own generation. She finds justification in youthful impatience with a generation that made the colossal failure of not preventing the war. In writing of the women's movement, she finds that women have made political successes, but also that:

> Some of us feel that women in politics thus far have been too conventional, too afraid to differ with men, too ill at ease to trust their own judgments, too skeptical of the wisdom of the humble to incorporate the needs of simple women into the ordering of their political life.

She still favors prohibition, and insists that if we now abandon our "noble experiment" (my quotes) we will never know whether it has been a success or a failure. Her one concrete suggestion, for prohibition enforcement, is disarmament of both the policeman and the gangster. Her final statement, final in the sense that it sums up her view of future work, is that social integration must be achieved in the field of action, rather than that of ideas; a remark less commonplace than its simple expression might imply.

Two important influences in Jane Addams's thinking are the writings of Tolstoy and John Dewey. From the former, she derives her doctrine of non-resistance; Dewey permeates her writings, and frequently she merely paraphrases his own ideas. Her social ethics are based on the Deweyian conception that "morality is social," and that the test of a moral act comes in an evaluation of its consequences in overt activity. The final chapters, "The Play Instinct and the Arts" and "Education by the Current Event," describe educative attempts at Hull House, which embody the Dewey technique. The chapter on arts is especially significant because it defines a concrete attempt to functionalize art, to utilize the art impulse as a socializing factor in education, Around Hull House, much education still consists in redeeming youngsters from such activities as throwing bricks, and an art school, such as the one Miss Addams describes, is more important than our routine, politically-dominated public school system.

As a whole, her book should be taken as a record of events and reflections rather than as the basis for any final assessment of Jane Addams in our times. Her principal services have not been those of a formal thinker, but rather those of an intelligent social worker, and of a stimulating personality. It is the causes she has sponsored, the problems she has faced and attempted to solve, the inspiring personality she has brought into the lives of the poor as well as the lives of philosophers. Robert Morss Lovett, a Hull House resident, has, I believe, well summarized the particular contributions of Hull House and its head resident:

> Hull House is in a peculiar sense symbolic of the best things in Chicago, its democracy, its sense of coöperation and shared activity, its toleration. And to those who know it intimately, those of the family . . . it seems under Jane Addams's gracious guidance to symbolize the best things of humanity.

Conrad and Poland

THE POLISH HERITAGE OF JOSEPH CONRAD. By GUSTAV MOEF. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. 1931.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

THE underlying theory of this intelligent and interesting book is that the Polish influence on Conrad's subject matter and attitude is much deeper than has generally been supposed. The author presents his case with skill and knowledge, but, like so many special pleaders, he seems to overdo it. It is difficult to believe, for instance, that unless Almayer in Conrad's first book, "Almayer's Folly," had appeared to him like a vision of what his paternal ancestors had been, and of what he, second mate of the *Vidar*, might fatally become one day, Joseph Conrad would never have felt the need of telling Almayer's pathetic tale. And still harder, perhaps, is it to believe that when "Nostromo" was written — "Nostromo," which deals with a South American revolution — "all the repressed Polish reminiscences, sentiments, aspirations, and resentments, lying deep under the surface of the artist's conscious mind, had their day of rehabilitation."

And the present writer need not have been taken to task by M. Moef for saying elsewhere that the rumors, current shortly after Conrad's death, that he meant to return to Poland and settle down there, were really without foundation. Conrad was planning nothing of the sort, though it is quite likely that he voiced such a fancy; all sorts of vague thoughts kept rising to the surface of his mind, only to be put aside. The truth is that when he died, at the age of nearly sixty-seven, he was on the very point of signing a lease of several years for another country house in Kent. Indeed, I was motoring with him to see this new home when he was seized with his fatal illness. He died next day.

But despite these criticisms, it must be admitted that the book is full of suggestive and valuable ideas.

"Kind Kit"

THE LIFE OF MARLOW AND THE TRAGEDY OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE. By C. F. TUCKER BROOKE. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS
Cornell University

WITH this initial volume Professor R. H. Chase, as editor-in-chief, auspiciously ushers before the public "The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe," to be completed through the collaboration of various scholars in six volumes. If the succeeding five volumes measure up in intrinsic value and in expertness of workmanship to this first volume, the world will at last be supplied with a definitive edition of the "Muses' darling" whose "brave, translunary" spirit has fascinated readers for more than three centuries.

To Professor Brooke has been assigned the task of supplying the "Life" and editing "what is probably the poet's earliest play." It goes without saying that the appearance of a Life of Marlowe from the pen of the chief Marlovian authority now alive is an event of prime importance. Not only have many new records of the poet been unearthed in recent years, but Professor Brooke, since he edited the complete works of Marlowe for the Oxford Press in 1910, is known to have been engaged on an intensive study of the dramatist.

Scholars who have long awaited the results of that study will not be disappointed in the present biographical sketch, brief though it be and presumably tentative to a fuller treatise later to be issued. In eighty-one pages the meteoric career of Marlowe is deftly traced, and in an appendix of thirty-one pages all the important documents bearing on that career are reproduced, many for the first time. The careful analysis of the records and the astute interpretation of the often conflicting evidence leave little to be desired in the way of a documented chronicle of facts. But Professor Brooke gives us more than a bare chronicle of facts. He rightly observes: "Behind the poet there stands always the Elizabethan man"; and he succeeds in making "Kind Kit" emerge from the formal records as a living being, with a personality that fires our imagination. The reader will not soon forget the vivid picture drawn; and though he may not entirely accept the generous treatment of Marlowe's private character, he will exclaim with Lowell: "What cared I that they said he was a deboshed fellow? nay, an atheist? To me, he was the voice of one singing in the desert, of one who had found the water of life for which I was panting."

An annotated edition of "Dido," occupying one hundred and seventeen pages, constitutes Part II of the volume. The text, though modernized, is printed with scrupulous care. Only three copies (two are in America) of the original quarto are known; all three have been collated; and the variant readings of modern editors have been duly noted. The Introduction sketches in detail what is known or may be fairly surmised regarding the history of the play. The illustrative notes, conveniently placed at the foot of the page, are full and illuminating. In short, we have here an edition that observes the highest standards of modern scholarship, and will meet the demands of both the general reader and the expert.

A Polynesian Isle

MANGA REVA: THE FORGOTTEN ISLANDS. By ROBERT LEE ESKRIDGE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL

MR. ESKRIDGE, a Chicago artist, made a six-months sojourn on the island of Manga Reva. For the benefit of those not familiar with the geography of French Polynesia, it may be well to explain that "the forgotten islands" of his narrative comprise what is know as the Gambier Group, of which Manga Reva is the principal island. These small, high islands, eight in number, are enclosed in one lagoon and lie at the southeastern extremity of the Tuamotu Archipelago, some nine hundred miles from Tahiti, the seat of government for the French possessions in that part of the Pacific.

In her introduction to this book, Eunice Tietjens says that Mr. Eskridge "is a little mad, of course." The reader, even before he has finished the volume, will be inclined to agree with her; in fact, he may believe that she has somewhat underestimated the degree of Mr. Eskridge's madness. I am speaking here of that class of readers—of which I am one—who are not susceptible to the influence of ghosts, goblins, spectres, and other night-shades and forms.

Perhaps I am prejudiced in this matter of Polynesian *tupaupaus*, but I have this to offer in defense of my prejudice: although I have spent more than ten years in French Polynesia, I have yet to learn of a single authenticated case—authenticated, that is, by men whose evidence is at all trustworthy —of a Polynesian ghost, in whatever form, having been seen by a white man. In the South Sea, Mr. Eskridge saw them frequently, or says that he did. He saw demons in human form and in the shape of beasts. He saw monsters "half seal, half cat, with long black bodies, no tails, and their catlike heads set with enormous eyes," rising in streams from the floor of the room in which he slept and vanishing into the ceiling. He not only saw, but touched, a gray cat "apparently asleep and suspended in midair," and when he touched it, it dashed around him and floated out into the vagueness of the garden beyond. He saw and heard a chorus of goats that sang the most enchanting music—but I think I had better quote the goat story, a typical specimen of the kind of experience that came to him sometimes by day and frequently by night:

> Suddenly a strange song floated into the night air, a chorus with regular cadences, minor chords. It was repeated, followed by a long silence. Then one voice proceeded as though in prayer. I turned ice cold.
>
> "My God, Tom!" I gasped. "What is that? I never heard anything like it before!"
>
> "Nor ever will again, very likely," said Tom. "Look!" he went on, pointing up. High on the top of the cliff I could just see a number of tiny black spots. "Goats. Just goats. But the damned things always sing here on Sinister Island at sunset. See, the sun has just set. They won't sing any more."

I know a number of men who have lived on Manga Reva for as many years as Mr. Eskridge spent months there, and even longer; and although they have spoken of audible goats, they have, without exception, missed hearing the musical ones.

On the paper jacket of this book, the publishers suggest that "anthropologists, who delve into curious customs and forgotten ritual, and archæologists who see in the Pacific a fertile field of research, will find much in Mr. Eskridge's book to interest them." This seems to me to be damning with faint praise the representatives of these branches of science. Mr. Eskridge's matter, whether considered from the personal, historical, anthropological, or the purely archæological standpoint, is, to put it mildly, somewhat open to criticism.

Erratum

In a recent issue of *The Saturday Review* the price of Aylmer Maude's "Leo Tolstoy and His Works," published by the Oxford University Press, was erroneously given as $1.50. The price of the book is fifty cents.

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Books of Special Interest

The Veteran Moore

APHRODITE IN AULIS. By GEORGE MOORE. New York: Brentano's. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by DENNARD ENGRAM
University of Alabama

THIS latest work from the pen of that incomparable stylist, George Moore, coming hard upon his recent dramatic success, "The Passing of the Essenes," has occasioned considerable comment among that scant few of the cognoscenti known as Mooreites. Nor will one have to be deliberately optimistic after reading "Aphrodite in Aulis" to be termed a thoroughgoing Mooreite. One wonders whether the mists of eighty winters have dimmed the eyes of this great visionary—whether he may have rivalled the feat of Victor Hugo when he brought out the third part of his "La Légende des Siècles" in his eighty-first year, or that of Verdi when he produced his masterpiece, "Falstaff," in his eightieth year. However the case may be, Moore presents a striking example of the partial isolation that too great attention to form will impose upon a writer.

If any mold can be made to fit George Moore, it will have to be evolvable, for evolution is the keynote to his philosophy and ideas,—and very often to his narrative style. After poetry he took up confessing as a profession in the "Confessions of a Young Man," to be continued later in his romantic autobiography or trilogy, "Hail and Farewell," in which he is generally considered to have "out-Rousseaued Rousseau," for he confessed not alone for himself but for all his friends. Next he turned to naturalism, and the result, "Esther Waters," is his most stirring work. Then he swerved over to an impure naturalism in "Celibates," "Evelyn Innes," and its sequel, "Sister Teresa," only to discover it later in "Vale" on the grounds of deceitfulness. In his most recent period he has tried the scheme of recreating scenes from old civilizations—of resurrecting the lives of ancient personnages as in "Héloïse and Abélard" and "The Brook Kerith," that high-water mark in modern English prose.

Moore continues this tradition in this pastoral novel of Bœotian life in the time of Pindar, Phidias, and Pericles. The main theme of this rhapsodic swan song is the erection of a temple to Aphrodite. Otanes of Aulis, a rich trader chiefly concerned with sheep and shipping, contrives a match between his daughter and a wandering rhapsodist from the Athenian theatre. The winsome lass is Biote, and the lad is Kebren, a slim and shapely stripling. As a fishmonger's son, Kebren preferred the reading of Homer to the selling of fish, not seldom letting the customers of his father go begging. In due time two sons are born: Rhesos and Thrasillos. To appease the gods the people of Aulis contemplate the building of a temple to Aphrodite housing a statue of the goddess. Rhesos is charged with the carving of the statue, Thrasillos with the erection of the building. At the bidding of the oracle, a lovely maiden comes forth to be wooed by Rhesos for his wife and model; to Thrasillos falls the sister. Moore closes his final invocation to his "heavenly" goddess with the long delayed opening of the temple to Aphrodite.

Though "Aphrodite" possesses its share of what Moore has called the essence of every good book — dulness — is it in no way void of interest of a lively sort. However, there is not much new from the author's point of view, for it is in many respects a rehashing of all that he has written: it shows the same feeble attempts at characterization, the same preoccupation with style, displaying, nevertheless, a mastery of prose that brooks no obstacles. In this rather searching analysis of marital life he displays the greatest finesse in the characterization of Biote, revealing an intuitive knowledge of a woman's jealousies and sufferings from within. There is much of Moore, himself, in his portrayal of Otanes the paralytic, who may be said to sum up the author's final attitude toward life. Moore employs again the same tricks of style he showed in "Héloïse and Abélard," for an occasional archaic word has been thrown in wherever the mood calls for it; delightfully spicy digressions have been inserted which form an integral part of the whole, adding a picaresque flavor to this thing of grays and silver. Moreover, a singular evenness of tone has been maintained throughout, displaying a neat execution. Seldom has an author achieved in prose the exquisite graces and nuances of tone-coloring we find in Moore, particularly in the nature passages, for nature dominates this Homeric rhapsody like an unruly organ tone refusing to be resolved. However, those who worship at the shrine of George Moore a century hence will probably not trouble to turn to this work, but will content themselves with "The Brook Kerith," for the clarity and melodiousness of its prose, if for no other reason.

Child Mother!

—one of India's 30,000,000

This photograph, loaned by the Red Star Line, illustrates the pathetic story of child marriage in Katherine Mayo's second book on India.

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The Nation Israel

YEHUDA. By MEYER LEVIN. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

FOR those with more than a passing interest in the modern colonization movement of the Jews in Palestine, "Yehuda," the first fictional projection of the great experiment, will serve invaluably. It is a graphic adjunct to the recent discussions of Maurice Samuels, Einstein, Rabbi Wise, and Jacob de Haas; it gives frame and flesh-and-blood to the insubstantial fabric of polemic and exposition. See through Meyer Levin's sensitive eyes the *chalutzim* (pioneer settlers of the new order) toiling in the fields, or meeting to decide weighty problems, whether a new tractor should be bought or comrades hired out to the town factories, or Sonya, the light-fingered, exiled forever; see old and young Jews drawn by a nostalgia from the corners of Europe, merging themselves in a reconstruction, building roads, breaking rocks, quarrelling, loving, becoming faint in their hearts, dreaming of rich future things. There is as much meat for thought in the living stir of Levin's work as in a dozen pale abstractions; and certainly it creates a vivid and startling immediacy. For example, all theoretical discussions are united in conceiving the success of Zionism as resting primarily on the basis of peaceful coöperation between Palestinian Jews and Arabs. The mind comprehends the necessity. But watch an Arab come riding over the hillcrest on a quick, strong horse, the hurt deepening in his eyes, his presence like "snake nearness" curdling the blood of the Jews; watch the settlers, outraged by the attempted theft of their grain, go rushing along the bank of the Kishon toward the night-camp of the Arab shepherds "rushing with sticks, irons, stones, pitchforks, a flash across the moonlit field, women too, savages running in attack," and now it is all more than comprehending—it is participation in the ethical and racial impasse; it is good art succeeding in a realm of the senses where mere cerebration cannot.

That Mr. Levin has made the whole commune his protagonist seems a fitting thing. Every movement radiates from it, and individual destinies unfold always as elements in the great central adventure. A single one, Yehuda the violinist, emerges from the numerous characterizations to carry on the novel's slight narrative thread. But he is a symbol, both in his frustrated love for Yocheved, the girl who lives outside the commune among the non-socialist mystic *Chassidim*, and in his sense of creative unfulfilment, eased at the end by a revelation of his true estate and duty. The whole book moves in a series of kaleidoscopes and swift etchings, each feeding the reader's consciousness of the commune as hero.

Such a technique demands a psychological insight of a special kind, insight into the workings and stresses of human groups. Mr. Levin possesses it. Observe the beauty of men working together in the grain fields, the rich, rhythmical unison of limbs and beasts, wheat going to the flashing knives, gold flowing. Or the poetry of comrades lifting a small house to be moved, fifty pairs of arms tugging, fifty backs straightening from their bend, the house miraculously rising:

> A sudden surge of conquering joy went through them. Why, this was as in the first days, this was being a chalutzim!
>
> With each step the roar rose higher: "Kad-i-mah, kad-i-mah, Ha-po-el, forward, forward, working men! . . ."
>
> They would dance with the house now, they would dance up the hill! . . . So they marched with their house, roaring out songs, victorious . . . they trampled through a hedge of brushes, and singing, shouting "Kadimah," like a host invisible they carried the ark to its place opposite the white concrete house of the babies.

Mr. Levin does not spare his people. He has lived among them, he knows their deep failings. But he loves them, and it is in every word he writes. Even in so merciless a portrait as that of Paley (Paley the American Jew who would advertise the Succoth, feast of the tabernacles, with great signs over all the country, in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv: Come to Carmel for a real Succoth celebration!) he suggests the nostalgia of effete western Jews for the ancient soil. And the figure of the old, whitened *Chassidim* who would not insure his fields against fire or locusts or drought because "a man can only do what it is for him to do. If I have sown a field of wheat and raised it and made it ready for threshing, and if it is the will of God to take away the fruit of my labor, shall I shield myself from his will?" —this figure glows with life; so, too, Aryay, the eternal idealist, struggling against the material encroachments upon the good life; and Sholom, whom the children loved, clean and natural as a tree, to whom "if there had been wild animals anywhere in this mountain, fawns and gazelles would surely come and lay their muzzles against his palm. . . ."

The publishers modestly call this a fine novel. It is a very fine novel, eloquent and groping and pathetic as the little settlement on the rim of the wilderness; and nothing so strikes the ring of its spirit as the song the *chalutzim*, in a moment of exultation, pour out:

> Am Yisroael chai,
> Am Yisroael chai!
> The nation Israel lives,
> The nation Israel lives!

The Pictorial Cummings

C I O P W. By E. E. CUMMINGS. New York: Covici-Friede. 1931. $20.

C I O P W stands for the saga of pictorial mediums used by a poet in his off hours. Charcoal, ink, oil paints, pencil, and water colors have been used by Mr. Cummings to tell the legend of his pictorial accomplishments in the ninety-nine pictures reproduced in this book.

Mr. Cummings has been painting for a number of years, and his paintings are not unknown in official circles of "independent" esthetes.

"Like many," Mr. Cummings "was found to write spontaneously of pictures before finding one's self compelled to draw or words: unlike some who are threatened with knowledge, he encouraged himself by to be. While the portraiture progressed—while a painfully hand achieved likenesses or even polysyllabic sitters, the gradually fingers overcame perspective, his clumsy wrist contrived verses—child spinning on a point of chalk emits boy who rides the squirmings of a crayon, legarms begin inhabiting bodies who are not faces, sidewalks cohabit with notebooks and joyously always writing continues

—for once-upon-a-time read, neither life nor living, but originally infinitive cooling through participle into compulsion; therefore once-upon-a-now equals 'art,' When to live is."

Such an introduction to a poet's picture-book belongs essentially to poetry, if anywhere, and one wonders why a T (standing for typewriter) was not incorporated with the title of this volume. Certainly, it would have given the book a more logical reason for its being. Yet one is led to suppose that its existence will make it possible for Mr. Cummings's admirers who do not own his original paintings and drawings to keep a record of the artistic accomplishments by this versatile poet.

One looks hard to find the poet in these pictures, but is too often reminded of the pictorial problems one is accustomed to associate with DeSegonzac, Matisse, or perhaps Cézanne. That is a difficult thing to tell since Mr. Cummings's pictures are reproduced in black and white and one has to judge only from small reproductions, which is an uninspiring way of looking at pictures. Yet some of these give genuine pleasure by the artist's freedom of approach and a songful coarseness which leads one to believe that the mind of the poet has illumined his senses but left him to struggle with an alien medium. Nevertheless, "hearing such paintings, seeing such poems, naturally to be alive," one cannot help recalling Maxime DeCamp in his preface to "Chants d'un Modern" (1855): ". . . On a bien chanté la forge de Vulcain, pourquoi donc ne chanterait on pas les forges d'Indret ou du Creusot? . . . Que l'art littéraire oublie le fatras des choses éteintés et qu'il vive avec son temps."

It is a thing that one either takes or leaves, this "persianly poemprinter predicated picturebook" with its coarse but masculine burlap cover.

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

We confess to an error. In these columns on May 16th we referred to a poem concerning Sidney Godolphin which we thought had been written by Louise Imogen Guiney. As a matter of fact it is a poem of six stanzas by Clinton Scollard which has found its way into several anthologies. We have space here for only the initial verse of it, but we thank Mr. Scollard for the note in which he wonders whether possibly it was not the poem we had in mind. It was, and we are glad to render credit where credit is due. The first verse runs:

They rode from the camp at morn
With clash of sword and spur;
The birds were loud in the thorn,
The sky was an azure blur.
A gallant show they made
That warm noon-tide of the year,
Led on by a dashing blade,
By the poet-cavalier.

While the father has expressed himself in the creation of one of the most soaring buildings in our metropolis, the son of the Chrysler family expresses himself, in turn, at Cheshire House, through the production of beautiful books. The latest of these is Joseph Auslander's translation of that exquisite fourth century lyric, "Pervigilium Veneris," author unknown. To it, Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., has had Auslander prefix a vivid appreciation, followed by that chapter from "Marius the Epicurean," by Walter Pater, which deals with the poem. Mr. Auslander writes accomplished verse, and his translation is worthy of him. The movement of the original is something between the one he adopts and that preferred by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, whose translation is already known to us. Perhaps Mr. Auslander's is the nearest to the original. Certainly his phrasing is often distinguished, and we are glad to have his version. As he says himself, the original escapes "total, untouched, intangible" from any rendering. Nothing can take the place, for instance, of the poem's incredibly haunting key-line, once one has known it, "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet."

William Edwin Rudge is responsible for another beautifully prepared special edition, this being a complete facsimile of Henry W. Longfellow's "The Leap of Roushan Beg," edited with an introduction and notes by Arthur Christy. Five hundred copies have been printed at five dollars each. It well illustrates what Longfellow could do with an Oriental theme. Far inferior to Browning in his managing of his material, he was often, nevertheless, a creditable writer of narrative verse. The notes show how Longfellow fashioned his ballad from Alexander Chodzko's "Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia."

On May twenty-sixth there was held at Cambridge, Massachusetts, an informal opening of the new Poetry Room in the Harvard Library, which has been furnished and endowed in honor of the late George Edward Woodberry of the Class of 1877. We do not know what memorial of Woodberry has been placed at Columbia, where one would be equally in keeping, owing to the large influence of his teaching in that institution of learning. Woodberry was not one of our greatest poets, but he was notable in his time and never stooped from what he conceived to be the highest standards of his art.

In "The Yale Series of Younger Poets" there has just been published by the Yale University Press "Dark Certainty," by Dorothy Belle Flanagan. One characteristic of this little book is Miss Flanagan's fondness for the brief and bitten rhymed line, which has, indeed, now become the fashion among many young poets. "Down South," in a ballad measure already made familiar to us, deals rather trenchantly with the sins of the fathers. Although some of Miss Flanagan's verse is not without an attractive quality, there are too many echoes of fairly contemporary poets. In "Bridges," Katherine Brégy, an older poet who first published upon the advice of Alice and Wilfrid Meynell, and who writes in the Catholic tradition, treats of Sacred and Profane love. There seems to us nothing startlingly original about her work, though there is an occasional extremely human turn to the verse that is pleasing. The volume was published by Ernest Hartsock at the Bozart Press in 1930.

Thin and amateurish as is most of the work in "Songs for Somebody," by Mildred Barish (Poetic Publications, Inc.), there are glints of humorous observation of fellow-mortals here and there. The main trouble with all the small books we have been examining is a lack of intensity, a fribbling away of talent.

Our quoting last week of an apothegm by the English poetess, Elizabeth Wordsworth, aroused two comments. On rereading it, Burton E. Stevenson "perceived that it might possibly be by Ella Wheeler Wilcox," to whose work we had compared it. As we said, it *very* possibly might be, so far as style is concerned, but it is not. It is in the volume of poems by Elizabeth Wordsworth which we reviewed in the May 23rd issue. Mr. Stevenson asks exactly where it may be found. Why, where else, Mr. Stevenson, than in *Poems and Plays* by Elizabeth Wordsworth, published by the Oxford University Press, as we remarked in detail at the time? Miss Elsie L. Shaw of Russell House, Lexington, Massachusetts, quotes us Miss Wordsworth's two verses and says she has had a copy of them for five or six years.

These notes summarize all the current poetry that has recently come to us. Probably the most accomplished book of poems for June will be Dorothy Parker's "Death and Taxes," which will appear about the middle of the month, but that will be separately reviewed elsewhere by another hand. No new American poet of importance seems lately to have arisen. Among those most recently "arrived" we rank Stanley J. Kunitz the highest, though a number of the younger writers, both male and female, are doing good work, and many well-known are busied with new projects.

Probably not till the fall will the publishing of poetry recommence in any great quantity. Meanwhile this department may be expected to be somewhat intermittent. We ourself shall be on a working vacation, and although we shall expect to cover any current books of poetry that come to us, our commentary may necessarily take on a more general nature.

The present situation in America in regard to the cultivation of verse certainly seems to us a promising one. If the public interest in poetry is, perhaps, not quite as great as during that experimental period just prior to the Great War, there is evidence that the best contemporary work meets with appreciation, even widespread appreciation, for proof of which last statement we need only cite the reception accorded Edna St. Vincent Millay's fine sonnet sequence, "Fatal Interview."

It seems to us also an undeniable fact that the quality of the verse appearing in periodicals is distinctly better than has been the case for some time. And historical and anthological work has been done, in the last few years, of solid educational value in regard both to modern poetry and its backgrounds. We need merely mention the excellent work of Auslander and Hill in "The Winged Horse" and of Alfred Kreymborg in "Our Singing Strength," to say nothing of the valuable service Louis Untermeyer has performed with his constantly revised and reedited anthologies.

It would seem, therefore, that, as a nation we are growing into a far more mature appreciation of one of the finest of the arts. We have come a long way in our poetical education within the last quarter century. We have not only developed a variety of strong native talents but also critical faculties along with them, an intelligent inquiry into new tendencies. Much breaking of new ground in experimental work has as yet not begotten a major talent that can take full advantage of the new opportunities, but there are certainly a number of candidates, those who still have their best work before them. In the present period of depression, which seems to have extended a good deal farther than mere business, that is something to be grateful for. By the middle of the twentieth century there may be great changes, even a new artistic awakening, for which the present state of flux would certainly seem to be preparing. We will do well to look to horizons.

According to a Vienna correspondent of the London *Observer*, the Austrian monastery of St. Florian, at Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, has just sold an illustrated Book of Psalms, written in Latin, German, and Polish, and dating from the fourteenth century, to the Polish Government for £14,500. This MS. is of high value for Poland, since it represents one of the most ancient specimens of Polish literature. Its value is enhanced by the fact that it was compiled on behalf of the Polish Queen Hedvig, the wife of King Vladislav Yagello, the first crowned head of that dynasty, and formerly a prince of Lithuania.

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

WOULD you be much surprised if, some day, you learnt that Europe had been discovered by North Americans long before North America was discovered by Europeans? I would not.

Yes, I am aware that our Breton fishermen haunted your seas all through the fifteenth century. Sébastian Cabot had learnt from them *"le secret de Terre Neufve"* when he sailed from Bristol in 1497. "For more than sixty years," according to a deed of 1514, *les gars marins* (the hearty sailors) of Paimpol and St. Malo had been paying to the monks of Beaufort "a tithe on the stockfish, whitings, and cod brought from the coasts of *Terre Neufve*, Iceland, and other parts." (This is from Charles de la Roncière's "Jacques Cartier," just published by Plon, about which more hereafter.)

But who were "the seven dark men" dubbed Newfoundlanders because of Cabot's recent discovery, who were found in 1509 far off the west coast of Ireland, in their long bark-skin-and-wicker boat, and brought at once to Rouen? Were they the first or the last of a string of chance visitors from your shores to ours?

Henri Estienne wrote of them that "they were tattooed from ear to chin in bright spots and long veins." O prophetic Stars and Stripes! . . . But "they had no beard, no hairy growth *sur le pubis ni ailleurs*. . . . Their weapon was *the long bow*, with catgut strings . . . their headgear *was made of seven ears* (of big rodents). . . ." Six of them soon died. The seventh was brought to the court of Louis XII. I want to know what became of that seventh, and also whether any of them begat children in Normandy. Because . . .

Well, among minor reasons, they might be remote ancestors of André Maurois and André Siegfried, both Normans. Not that the two Andrés have so much in common, in spite of the wags who call Siegfried the Maurois of politics and Maurois the Siegfried of literature. The similar scope, depth, and fully deserved measure of their success is more to the point than that kind of banter. But there are analogies, all chaff and ragging apart, and one of them lies in a similar capacity, of North American flavor, for organizing and reorganizing production, even after excess of credit.

Siegfried is outside my province since I eschew politics in these letters, and, except under strong provocation, avoid national sociology. What a blessing not to feel obliged to ask one's self whether the method of a lovable man of all men beloved, able fellow, good friend, former colleague or master—are not sometimes a little bit too facile. I learnt history from the same master as Siegfried, a dear, delightful, and tricky professor called Jallifier, who died before the war. . . . But half a dozen contemporary names occur to me in this connection. I think an American edition has been published of "Les Batisseurs de l'Europe Moderne," by Count Sforza (Gallimard). An intensely interesting book, though mostly built from the outside.

But let us return to literary production and organization. Facility is, to some writers, a dangerous gift. Not in Maurois's case. Repetition may be an efficient weapon, even in the service of inefficiency, but is apt, if wielded by stronger hands, to break under the stress. Now Maurois's hands are stronger than they appear. But he will neither miss a good subject nor fall into the pit of over-iteration.

His book on "Turgeniev" (Grasset) is made of four lectures delivered here, possibly in anticipation of the fiftieth anniversary of the great Russian's death. His life and works are described by Maurois in such a manner, limpid yet not shallow, brief though not curt, devoid of mere anecdotes, true to the essentials, that the author of "Ariel," "Byron," and "Disraeli" seems to have, once more, renewed the art of biography.

But even biography might pall, even his own variety of (and in) the *genre*. Then comes his "Peseur d'Ames" (Gallimard), a sort of scientific anticipation, something quite new and unexpected from his pen. He had written a good, true, short novel, "Bernard Quesnay," my favorite, because it is nearer to this workaday life than the much distinguished "Climats" which followed. Maurois strikes a new vein in "Le Peseur d'Ames." (Æschylus had, it is true, written a tragedy called "The Weighing of Souls," but that tragedy is lost. Only the name remains.)

Since even what we call light or electricity can, now, be canalized, fragmented, retailed, even weighed, why should we not, some day, transform what we call vital energy or *soul* into light and power—and even industrialize it? Why not, indeed, detect, and harness, *psychons* as easily as, for instance, *electrons?*

I hasten to say that Dr. James, the Soul-Weigher, turns his method of materializing to the only account that is proper and meet, at least in a novel. He brings the spirits of two dead persons to cohabit under his glass bell. The radiation is, of course, more or less intense. And this, of course, means that they loved each other more or less. Now Dr. James loved his wife. His wife died. He committed suicide. (Robert Browning did not, after all.) Maurois came too late to repeat on Dr. James the experiments of Dr. James on other people's conjugal souls.

Why did Mr. Sludge's tormented spectre hover about me while I read "Le Peseur d'Ames"? He must bitterly regret nowadays having ever confessed his impostures. But how proudly, feeling somehow rehabilitated, he must remember the passionate reservation which his creator made him utter from the deeper depth of his nature:

. . . Though it seem to set
The crooked straight again, unsay the said,
Stick up what I've knocked down, I can't help that,
It's truth. I somehow vomit truth today,
This trade of mine—I don't know, can't be sure,
But there was something in it, tricks and all.

Maurois's fantastic and macabre tale is told quietly, in places almost reverently, and the mere tone of the telling imparts something new into the *genre*. Of course, one misses the earnestness of Wells's "Anticipations," his rough and tumble handling, but you can't eat the proverbial cake and still have it, devulgarize a brand of strong stuff and keep it throat-skinning.

I wonder what would happen if some spiritualist could read André Maurois's works, especially "Le Peseur d'Ames," to the ghost of the late lamented Robert Browning. Would not the great, jealous, tempestuous enemy of all the Mr. Homes of creation be compelled to find "that there is something in it, tricks and all"?

Georges Oudard's "Vieille Amérique" (Plon), published in the United States under the title "Four Cents an Acre," is a short history of French Lousiana. The first part deals with the heroic period: the discovery of the Mississippi; the life and travels of Nicolet, Marquette, and Joliet, Cavalier de la Salle, Iverville, and Bienville. Then comes the systematic colonization beginning with Law's Compagnie d'Occident in 1717, the foundation of New Orleans (450 inhabitants in 1722), the "revolt" of the Natchez (1729) and the retrocession of Louisiana to the French Crown since the Company was unable to defend its possessions (1731). The third part unfolds the well-known tale of economic development and paralyzing fits of interference and indifference from headquarters. Then follow the cession to Spain (1764) of what remained of the colony after the Seven Years' War, the thirty years' Spanish domination, a short return under French rule (1800-1801), and the final sale of the colony to the United States. Almost each decade in these two hundred years had already been studied in detailed memoirs and Thwaites and Fortier had sewn together these fragments as best they could. Georges Oudard does not fail to mention their work in his very complete bibliography of the subject. But some new facts have since come to light, and new theories, not all weather-proof, have spread about. Georges Oudard is the author of a good "Life of Law," and a brilliant "Life of Pierre le Grand." In "Vieille Amérique" he has turned to good account his knowledge of Europe in the early eighteenth century. You feel that he is sure of his background, which is more than can be said of some lively rhapsodies of American discovery and pioneering.

Nazim Hikmet, a Turkish poet, has been prosecuted by the Government for the publication of Communist poetry considered as flattering the sentiments of the people, according to a correspondent of the London *Observer*. In court he admitted being a Communist, but pointed out that since it is the people who are sovereign in Turkey, and not a Sultan, there can be no charge against him for "flattering the people's sentiments." Neither, he contended, was it right to condemn him for referring to the sufferings of the nation. The Attorney-General has demanded the poet's acquittal, and it is expected that this will be the Court's judgment.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

KING OF FASHION. The Autobiography of Paul Poiret. Translated by STEPHEN HADEN GUEST. Lippincott. 1931. $3.

Paul Poiret is a striking figure of today. With his dark-colored skin and his light-colored clothes, he would stand out in any group even if he were not accompanied, as he so often is, by a number of his most beautiful mannequins. His theories of dress and decoration have been shouted round the world, and listened to. He has known intimately many of the greatest artists (actors, writers, painters, dancers, etc.) of his day. He is a recognized bon viveur in a city, in a country, of bons viveurs. Such a man's autobiography should be rich in anecdotes and personalities, a witty Who's or Who's not Who, in his own circle. There are many people in M. Poiret's book, and there are many stories, but always the teller is so completely the hero (he comes out of every little fray so entirely the victor) that before many chapters a monotonous, egotistical fog settles dully down upon the pages. Many of the personal squabbles recorded are probably of more interest in France than here, and surely some lightness of style must have seeped out through the translation. The "King of Fashion" is said to be creating comment in Paris. This side of the Atlantic it is more likely to be dipped into here and there for a little malicious humor or a tidbit about a well known name. M. Poiret, at any great length, is too long.

THE MEMOIRS OF GARIBALDI. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Appleton. 1931.

Mr. Garnett's translation of Garibaldi's extremely interesting memoirs is here printed with, for the first time in English, the addition of the supplementary material added by Dumas. It is a book not only of high adventurous interest but of very great charm. This edition is illustrated, and is accompanied by maps.

THE LIFE OF JIM BAKER, Trapper, Scout, Guide, and Indian Fighter. By NOLIE MUMEY. Denver: The World Press, Inc. 1931.

This is an outline of material about Jim Baker rather than a formal biography, but it contains some extremely interesting material on the Rocky Mountain region in the mid century.

Drama

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL. By NIKOLAI GOGOL. Acting version by JOHN ANDERSON. New York: Samuel French. 1931. $1.50.

John Anderson in his acting version of "The Inspector General" has resuscitated an old play through the altogether reasonable expedient of writing a new one, and thereby well accomplishes the purpose announced in his clear, high-minded preface: namely, to "bring Gogol nearer to the theatre as it is, and avoid the stilted emasculations of existing English versions." Mr. Anderson has gone behind the gratuitous husk of literal translation to find inspiration in a spirit which is certainly Gogol's for a play which Gogol would certainly have approved.

In the full integrity of his creative, personal, response to Gogol's satiric idea, the present adapter has brought Gogol's intention much closer to complete theatrical design than did Gogol himself. Repetitious scenes are enlivened by an ingenious variety of treatment; details which Gogol in the prodigality of greatness merely suggested, are enlarged with enhancing theatrical effect; material is frequently rearranged to produce a more progressive action. The last two acts of the Russian play in the new version compose one rushing catastrophic episode, making Hlestakov's departure so casually opportune that it takes on something of the ultimate in glorious malice. And in the same spirit, the unhappy victims of Mr. Anderson's additional vigor are encouraged to blow themselves up preposterously before they are confronted with the devastating reality of an actual inspector. The device of Gogol's abrupt, concluding announcement and tableau always seemed to us, in spite of its spectacular intellectual implications, rather empty of theatrical potence. Mr. Anderson preserves Gogol's conceit (which was parodied in Meyerhold's production by a *papier-mâché* tableau) and with his full-fledged inspector general concedes the theatre perhaps a little more than its due of the obvious.

Technically Mr. Anderson has done a brilliant job. And in speaking for himself, idiomatically and positively, far from violating the essence of "Revizor," he has illuminated it.

Fiction

THE GOOD HOPE. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

This is the last characteristic utterance of one who in his brief career reaped the rewards and penalties of work done in the mode of yesterday. Harrison came of age with the birth of this century, his first novel, "Queed," appeared in 1911, the year of "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Hilda Lessways." But for a certain timeliness of scene and costume it might have been done a generation earlier. Its large audience liked it none the worse for being old-fashioned. A vast number of Victorians were extant then, and a great number still survive. Harrison was a young bachelor and then an older bachelor who believed in fairies, romantic love, virtue, woman. There are always grateful hearers for any one who writes ardently and simply and, if you will, sentimentally, of common things.

"The Good Hope" is a fantasy of mortal frustration and fulfilment, in the vein, though not in the style, of one of Dickens's Christmas stories, "The Chimes" or "The Haunted Man." It is on about that scale, a novelette or a long short story. It has a strong moral, a wistful "love interest," and a ghostly motive to remove it from the commonplace and humdrum. Of its plot let us only say that it concerns a young modern who has risked everything in the boom days of the stock market, is caught in the crash, and is rescued from suicide by a supernatural visitation—an agency whose status is not made clear till the end. The book reveals the author's faith in simple goodness, the power of devoted love, and the persistence of personality after the death of the flesh.

It is a fit tablet to the memory of one who retained in our age of weary adolescence the fresh heart of a child. The preface, by one of Harrison's friends, John Stewart Bryan, is a tribute to his character and talent and especially to his power of inspiring others. One sentence, or part of a sentence, might well stand as his epitaph: ". . . His life, like a diviner's rod, revealed to those who were admitted to the magic of his fellowship powers that but for his genius would never have been evoked."

THE FOREST SHIP. By ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL. Viking. 1931. $2.50.

There's no doubt that Herr Höllriegel was vastly impressed and intrigued by the Amazon forest—so fascinated, indeed, that he finds it difficult to put his feelings into words.

He first erects a rather banal superstructure, consisting of a realistic tourist ship and a sentimental old muffin of a German professor trying to answer the call of the wild once before he dies. (Dr. Schwarz and the very obvious methods used to stir our pity for him, get rather irksome before we see the last of him.) Then the author brings in a theatrical-property Englishman, a veteran globe-trotter, to tell Dr. Schwarz and the other travellers, the story of Francisco de Orellana, one of Gonzalo Pizarro's lieutenants, who was the first white man to discover the Amazon.

Orellana and his little band came down into the hot country from the bleak heights of the Peruvian Andes. They fought Indians and heat and hunger; finally, in desperation, built a ship out of forest trees, and contrived to escape to the sea. Orellana's story is told partly for its own sake and partly as a comforting fable for Dr. Schwarz, to prove to him that the romanticist and explorer never really arrives. The real thing is always just over the horizon. The Spaniards had found roomfuls of gold in the Inca country, but that didn't satisfy them—there must be more gold, and bigger cities, somewhere in the mystery of the Amazon.

The epic trek of the Spanish conquistador and his companions is told with eloquence. It gives the stay-at-home reader a certain notion of the vastness, the mystery, the possible terror and malignancy of the Amazon jungle. But the spell of the narrative is broken frequently by the literary necessity of making the narrator—the veteran globe-trotter—pause to light his pipe, or in some other way remind us that what we are actually listening to is a yarn spun before a

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

little circle of tourists on a Booth Line steamship. The story didn't soothe the restless imagination of the old German doctor after all. He slipped overside one night, just before the *Hildebrand* started down river, and leaving a mackintosh and a pair of field-glasses behind him, was swallowed up by the forest.

International

THE HOLY LAND UNDER MANDATE. By FANNIE FERN ANDREWS. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. 2 vols. $10.

An elaborate but somewhat informal study of Palestine as it is today with the historical background of the events since the war and accounts of all aspects of life and social behavior, but with emphasis upon political difficulties both national and international.

THE GENIUS OF MEXICO: Lectures Delivered before the Fifth Seminar in Mexico 1930. Edited by H. C. HERRING and KATHARINE TERRILL. New York: The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin-America. 1931.

A useful series of chapters on the genius of Mexican life, the heritage, and the art of the Indian, education, economic, and agrarian problems, immigration, and relations with the United States.

Juvenile

A LITTLE DIXIE CAPTAIN. By KATHARINE VERDERY. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $1.50.

ALL ABOUT PATSY. By MARY PHIPPS. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

To those of us who, like Bre'r Rabbit, were "bred en bawn in de brier-patch," no recital of childish days in the deep South can ever equal the inimitable "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," at once a chronicle of childhood and a faithful transcription of the simplicities and fidelities of a vanished era. But for this very reason, perhaps, we welcome all the more eagerly stories distinctively Southern in theme and setting which are cast in a new mould.

Refreshingly free from the *clichés* which afflict so many of the breed, is "A Little Dixie Captain," by Katharine Verdery, remembered for "A Dixie Doll" of last year. Simplicity and sympathetic understanding of character and circumstance make appealing and lifelike the fun and fancies of a little girl on a Georgia plantation not long after the Civil War. Naturalness and humor bridge happily the distance in time and space. Incident and background are so skilfully presented by suggestion and adroit characterization, without hackneyed phrasing, that one has instantly the feeling of being *inside* the picture. Uncle Johnny is in the foreground, but Uncle Johnny seen through the eyes of adoring little Annie May, so that everything appears in the proportions natural to a child. To the adult reviewer this admirable balance of emphasis is one secret of the charm of the book and nowhere more clearly seen than in the relation of the "darkies" to the story. They do not dominate the book any more than they would have dominated "Ole Marster's" household. Neither are they "end men," there just for some special song and dance, but they are an integral part of household and story.

Winifred Bromhall's illustrations are a graceful accompaniment to this winsome tale of courage and tenderness and humor.

"All About Patsy," Mary Phipps's jolly extravaganza for younger readers, wears its bandanna with a difference. Here the local color is pure theater. 'Liza Jane, "the dearest little pickaninny who lived in the quarter behind the Big House," and Hattie Pie, the fat black cook, "crooning the sweetest tune," are stock comic figures of a stereotyped quaint land of cotton. But a rollicking rigmarole which scampers along with such gayety and gusto will delight the soul of any child, without benefit of geography. Patsy and her "Wonderful Buddies" frolic and gamble alluringly through the pages and through the gay hurly-burly of Miss Phipps's pictures. The function of these lively characters is to amuse. And a southern plantation for backdrop lends color if not conviction.

FIVE LITTLE MARTINS AND THE MARTIN HOUSE. By CAROLINE VAN BUREN. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. 1931. $2.

A type of children's book that has begun to appear frequently of late is the story of a family circle written with no definite plot in the old-time sense but, instead, the account of the day-by-day affairs—mildly adventuresome, frequently humorous, and always wholesome—of a normal lively group of children. Perhaps the Bastables have been giving us many descendants. The type, however, is a good one, capable of endless expansion and variation, and no complaint is hereby implied.

The five young Martins, in the present volume, fill many lively pages with their doings, and the author has maintained an excellent natural style, with sufficient humor and practically no sentimentality—the latter being the acid test for this type of book. There are chapters upon a school teacher who went at her problem most mistakenly till one little Martin set her right, upon a neighborhood stepmother who was expected to start in wrong but did nothing of the kind; upon a childish invalid who soon became quite well when the Martins' ideas of healthy living were substituted for those she was being made to follow; upon gipsies, a pet mule, and various other topics. Many pages contain, it should be added, their own valuable suggestions as to courage and right living. The book is not illustrated.

THE GOLDEN SPEARS AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By EDMUND LEAMY. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald. 85 cents.

Though all children cannot actually see the strange shaped mountains of Ireland, or run with bare feet on the silver strands there, all children can indeed have a reflection of all its glamorous romance and wonder through just such stories as Edmund Leamy gave out many years ago in "The Golden Spears." The Golden Spear was the name Connla and Nora gave to a sharp-pointed mountain, whose rocky top, above its robe of heather, glowed gold at sunset. Its plural comes from its fairy counterpart. Other stories follow the title one with a rare combination of imaginative Irish setting and a matter-of-fact way of telling, which would appeal to children. Indeed, so many Irish fairy tales are more to be understood by grown-ups that it is a distinct pleasure to find these definitely catering to youngsters. The fairies are flesh and blood, whose human experiences enhance the charm of magic happenings. Leamy knew children. He wrote for them and them alone, and even as he entertains he teaches, interests, and by his love of loveliness, uplifts.

The stories in this collection are not new. Those contained in "The Golden Spears" were first published in Dublin in 1890; the title then read "Irish Fairy Tales." "The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure" was published in 1899. Which all goes to show that old favorites never die.

WEST POINT WINS. By LIEUTENANT PASCHAL N. STRONG. Little, Brown. 1930.

This is a capital yarn for a boy in his middle 'teens who is engrossed in football. It will intensify his enthusiasm for the career of a West Point cadet if his longings be at all in that direction. It is a tale told with little art, and, in spite of accuracy of detail, with a nonchalant disregard for probability.

If one were to believe Lieutenant Strong's book, life at the U. S. M. A. is one round of student pranks and athletic sports, with the occasional diversion of a tour on the area, imposed most frequently, it would seem, for keeping faith with the West Point ideal of honor. Only as in a glass darkly do we glimpse the methods by which West Point more effectively accomplishes its purposes than any other educational institution in the world. It is believed by some that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. But the Military Academy can make not only a soldier but a gentleman, in inward spirit as well as outward manners, out of the occasional bumpkin or roughneck that enters its doors, and that in an incredibly short time. This is not theory but fact; we have seen it done repeatedly. We should like to have a book some day show how it is done.

It is a pity the publishers did not apply to the Drawing Department of the Academy for permission to use some of its photographs for illustrations. The actual is so much more impressive than the imagined at West Point.

COME ALONG. By JOSEF BERGER. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

If a grown-up dare hazard a guess, "Come Along" will shower deep delight upon its listeners. It is a story for very little children, simply and delicately told—the story of Big Dipper, the bean farmer, whose boy and girl have run away to find a puppy. But the longing for a puppy is not unique in the Dipper family. It echoes in the heart of a thousand wishful children, whom "Come Along" meets along the road and brings back to the dog patch. How the dogs finally come up, how the dog catchers of four states are done out of a job, and how Little Dipper and his sister, Little Bitty Dipper, are found, is an exciting story, strung on a thread of quiet amusement with little lyrical touches that are seldom lavished upon children.

Miscellaneous

AMONG THE NUDISTS. By FRANCES and MASON MERRILL. Knopf. 1931. $3.

The German *Nacktkultur* movement, which commenced about the beginning of this century, has developed rapidly since the close of the European war. Strange to say, it has attracted little attention in the English-speaking world. A book showing its significance by describing its hygienic, esthetic, educational, sexual, humanitarian, democratic, and social aspects was published in England in 1929 after encountering obstacles in America in 1927. Recently a few articles have appeared which give superficial and often misleading accounts of the movement.

The authors of the book under review are a young American couple who spent a few weeks in Europe during the summer of 1930. They visited two nudist centers in Germany which are frequented by foreigners. Apparently they saw nothing of the more typical and characteristic centers near Berlin and elsewhere. Two of the sixteen chapters are devoted to the rudimentary beginning of a similar movement in France. Of the twenty-one illustrations at least fourteen were obviously and five more were probably posed, so that they portray very little of the spontaneity of action in the life of these centers. The publisher's blurb conveys an exaggerated impression by speaking of "a land of naked men and women in the heart of civilized Europe." No groups practise nudity in public or all of the time, its practice being limited almost entirely to leisure time and private grounds.

The philosophy of nudism is inadequately treated in one chapter. The style of the authors is journalistic and somewhat too obviously sprightly. But they give a graphic and entertaining account of their brief experience. Their candor and sincerity should help to make better known this interesting and important movement.

BIG TOWN. By PHILIP MCKEE. With a Foreword by SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: John Day Company. 1931. $3.

The big town of which Mr. McKee gives something of a description and something of a social history happens to be Dayton, but he truly says that it is typical of Middle Western cities of its magnitude; as Muncie, Indiana, lately disguised as Middleton, is typical of smaller places. People who found "Middletown" arduous reading in spots will have a much easier time with "Big Town." Mr. McKee writes smoothly and knows what he is talking about; he has done a good enough job—but a job which has been done before. If there is anything on which American literature of the past decade has given us copious information, it is the Middle Western city, and Mr. McKee offers nothing new. The publishers point with pride to his chapter on Lib, the madam, and indeed it is a good chapter; but recent literature has been full of madams and Lib is not materially different from the others.

The style and the approach are almost pure Menckenese, till past the middle of the book; then the reader is brought up with a shock of surprise. A chapter with the *Mercurian* title of "Mass-Production Charity" turns out to be almost a eulogy of the community chest which has eliminated the waste and inefficiency of earlier unorganized benefactions; and the chapter on "The Educational Boom," though brief and sketchy, manages to treat progressive education with an excellently balanced judgment. A sound enough book which would have been more impressive a few years ago, before Lewis stamped his trademark on its material and Mencken stamped his idiom on so many writers.

THE WILL TO LIVE: An Outline of Evolutionary Psychology. By J. H. BRADLEY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $4.

This useful book was prepared as an attempt to give evolutionary psychology a place in the education of the young. It is "an outline of common sense psychology, treated neither on traditional academic lines nor on those of a particular school" and gives "some idea of the development of our present powers." The book is an interesting attempt to bring into one simple exposition material from all the various psychological schools.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

L. E. R., Ogden, Utah, says a group of sixth grade boys want to edit a paper; will I give them the names of books that will help them in getting started and carrying through?

MY first impulse is to tell them to get "Gentle Julia," by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran), in which they will find a circumstantial account of the full career of *The North End Daily Oriole*, a weekly published by Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr. and his partner, that nasty little Henry Rooter, with the unsolicited co-operation of his young cousin Florence. This is because something seems to tell me —it may be memory—that Herbert and his coadjutors had considerably more fun out of their unpremeditated paper than boys are likely to get from the better-looking, tidier, more efficient journal on whose inception and maintenance they will find advice in "Journalism for High Schools," by C. Dillon (Noble); "High School Reporting and Editing," by C. G. Miller (McGraw-Hill); "Writing for Print," by H. and E. Harrington (Heath); and "Student Publications," by Wells and MacCalister (Barnes).

But then I ask myself, won't they get just as much fun, though in a different way? This is an age of organization. What once we did all by ourselves and on our own steam—or under the influence of reading "Phaeton Rogers" where there was a Gob Printing Establishment—is now part of a project in which a class takes part, or of the equipment by which a school finds collective expression. The literally strong-arm methods by which the *Oriole* induced poets to pay for having their poetry printed have been superseded by decent procedure such as is indicated in "Advertising for the High School Journalist," by Schneller and Hamilton (Clio Press, Iowa City)—at least I suppose it is, for I have seen no more of this book than its title. All these are up-to-date and vouched for as sound; boys will take to them, no doubt. Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins lately sent me the magazine published by "The Fossils," a club of eminent citizens (Edison and Ford among them), who in their youth published amateur newspapers; there is a long list of members, but when they lately entertained the boys who printed "Our President Herbert Hoover," by William John Marsh, Jr. (afterward issued by Doubleday, Doran), it was said, and I think truly, that these were the only two in the country now conducting such an enterprise. The last home newspaper with which I came in contact was edited during the war by the young son of a college professor on our street, aided by a corps of reporters operating from the old playhouse in our backyard (the one they built out of old lumber) just as in my time we built us a lodge in the vast wilderness, the boundless continuity of shade back of the chickenyard, and used it as headquarters for the *Barne Tribune*. Now every school has its press, as every soul has its song, and nationwide organizations bring their editors together for conventions at Columbia; also the papers live on, year after year, whereas they used then to flourish but one brief summer at the longest. Even if the reporters exercised tact in what they printed about the neighbors, usually obtained from the hired girls, the bright, fierce activity of that time of life turned all at once away to something else and left the paper flat and forgotten.

H. B., New York, is asked by a friend in Korea for a few books on Socialism and Communism, "just a plain, domestic, everyday sort of treatment of these subjects that will give an idea of what they are all about."

WHEN "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" came out, Mr. John Buchan told me with a twinkle that Bernard Shaw had done for socialism by making it perfectly clear. He has certainly made it piquant; I would by all means send this book to Korea (Brentano). Send also Norman Thomas's "America's Way Out: a Program for Democracy" (Macmillan); it explains principles and their application to problems in this country and at this time. It may untangle the minds of some of those who still confuse communism and socialism; Mr. Thomas explains the Russian economic order but believes that "it cannot claim in any near future to offer peace or freedom, whatever it may do better to supply the masses with bread and economic justice." His solution is socialism, which he explains with lucidity. The rise of socialism in England in the humanitarianism of the early nineteenth century and its development into the present Labor Party is described in Edward P. Cheyney's "Modern English Reform" (University of Pennsylvania Press). So many requests have come for the Russian list that I will print a longer one soon; this will include books on communism in Russia.

H. M. C., Whitby, Ontario, asks for a bibliography on polar exploration, for the average reader.

I LATELY acted as sandwich man for "Bird Life at the Pole," by "Commander Christopher Robin" (Morrow); reading it in an elevated train I looked up to find the gaze of one side of the car converging upon the cover, trying to make out the name of a work making a solid citizen so immoderately to laugh. It is the best spoof since "The Cruise of the Kawa," even if the ship's mad equipment has nothing quite to match the Fatuliva bird.

But taking things seriously and taking the South Pole first, Byrd's "Little America" (Putnam) leads in popularity. The Shackleton expedition has just provided another thrilling book, "Endurance," by Commander Frank Worseley (Cape-Smith), which opens in the cabin of Shackleton's ship caught fast in Antarctic ice in 1915 and closes with the building of his cairn on the lonely beach. This book has a marvellous icebound jacket. Shackleton's "South" is published by Macmillan; S. L. Gwynne's "Captain Scott" by Harper; Amundsen's "The South Pole" by Lee Keedick; besides these we have had lately "On Wings of Science with Byrd," by J. E. Woodman (Coward-McCann); "The Last Continent of Adventure," by W. B. Hayward (Dodd, Mead), and "The Worst Journey in the World," by A. G. Cherry Garrard (Dial), besides several reliable books for boys.

Among the North Pole books, "Andrée's Story" (Viking) is unparalleled; surely no other book is illustrated with films dormant and undeveloped for a generation with those records and relics so lately making their dramatic reappearance in the world. Still keeping to recent books, we have Borup's "A Tenderfoot with Peary" (Stokes), "The Log of Bob Bartlett," by Robert A. Bartlett (Putnam); "The Last Voyage of the Karluk," by Bartlett and Hale (Hale); "The Cruise of the Northern Light," by C. L. Borden (Macmillan); "An Arctic Rescue," by E. Lundborg (Viking); and "With the Italia to the North Pole," by Umberto Nobile (Allen), with several books for boys. Latest of all is "Under the North Pole," by Sir Hubert Wilkins (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), in which Sir Hubert tells the plan of the expedition to the Pole by submarine, with chapters by Stefansson, Sloan Danenhower, commander of the submarine, Simon Lake, and even a chapter reproduced from "Mathematicall Magick," published in 1648 by Bishop Wilkins, an ancestor of the explorer, with an extraordinary plan for an "Ark for Submarine Navigations," a "fhip wherein men may fafely fwim under water."

For both poles we have "The Polar Regions in the Twentieth Century," by A. W. Greely (Little, Brown), Nordenskjold's "Geography of the Polar Regions" (Amer. Geog. Soc.), and "A Brief History of Polar Exploration," by W. L. Joerg (Amer. Geog. Soc.), which includes what has taken place since the introduction of flying.

One word from experience. I may never have gone to the Pole, but I once stayed in New York City all one furiously hot summer. Keep this list at hand for summer reading. That year I preserved the balance of nature with Stefansson's "The Friendly Arctic."

H. C., New Jersey, asks for books on the history of American music, for the use of a study club.

THE latest history is "Our American Music: Three Hundred Years of It," by John Tasker Howard (Crowell), a comprehensive work combining a survey of our past with an assembling of forces of contemporary composers. It would be good for a newspaper desk-library, a club collection, or a home equipment. The booklists are unusually full and up-to-date; they include in the section on jazz the recent work by Dr. Isaac Goldberg, "Tin Pan Alley" (Day), which I have read with the especial sort of satisfaction produced in a reader by genuine scholarship displayed with suitable adaptation to a light subject. This is no perfunctory and hastily assembled book, such as I have more than once found on jazz, but a story of the song-writing and "popular music" industry in America as part of our culture and civilization, told with a blend of sympathy and cynicism. John Golden is quoted in Dr. Goldberg's book; in "Stagestruck Johnny Golden" (French) he himself relates, in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore, a series of episodes, anecdotes, and conversations concerning not only his career as producer, but his preliminary experience in "the serious business of song-writing. I think the number of songs I have written reaches into the thousands." "America and Her Music," by Lamar Stringfield, is one of the study outlines published by the University of Carolina Press; it has a foreword by Paul Green, emphasizes folk-music, and includes lists of phonograph records for illustration.

The Montclair Library turns to this department on behalf of a borrower, who cannot identify a novel with this description:

> By English author about five years ago. Scene begins with woman in suburban town on visit to Rector. She feels presence of man behind her in photograph store. He goes up into Switzerland, and she follows, drawn by his spirituality. Her fiancé or favorite niece is injured in polo—can never walk again.

They have looked through Hutchinson, Walpole, Deeping, and Galsworthy, but have had no luck. If we don't know it, they will be sure there is no such book.

W. A. K., Highland Park, Mich., who asks where he can get J. U. Nicoldon's "King of the Black Isles," is informed that it is published by Covici-Friede.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MELODY AND THE LYRIC FROM CHAUCER TO THE CAVALIERS. By JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. Dutton. 1931. $5.

"Considered without relation to the music of its time, the lyric of medieval and Tudor England can be but half understood," writes Mr. Gibbon in the preface of his book. Taking as the motive for his volume this proposition which no one can dispute successfully, he traces the musical knowledge and musical acquaintances of the poets from Chaucer to Milton and his contemporaries, and shows that in many cases music influenced or actually determined the structure of their poems.

Without wishing to detract from the value of this interesting book, it is but fair to say that its author, in several of his comments, pushes conjecture too far. We find such phrases as "it might well be," "one may surmise," "it is just possible," "it may have been"—and they do not carry conviction. For example, one is not impressed when Mr. Gibbon writes of the well known carol, "There is no rose of such virtue": "It seems to date between the years 1450 and 1460, when England was being rent by the War of the Roses. . . . Thinking then of the conflict between York and Lancaster . . . some English monk wrote this carol of another rose." Songs in which Mary was called the rose antedate the "long wars" of Lancaster and York; it needed no war to give this poet his theme.

Some of the most interesting theories that Mr. Gibbon advances are that Piers Plowman has "a musical background"; that Huguenot psalm melodies influenced the meters of Sir Philip Sidney and of Ben Jonson; and that popular dance melodies determined the rhythm of many well known poems. To prove his points, the author has included two hundred airs and his book brings together in convenient form the songs that delighted the folk and the court. This feature alone would make the book of great value. There is an informing and informal commentary on both music and poems, and the author has collected from many sources a great deal of information concerning music and composers. This is a thoroughly enjoyable book. No one interested in English lyrical poetry can afford to miss it.

WET WIT AND DRY HUMOR. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

This characteristic Leacockian book is compiled in friendly appreciation of Prohibition, "the greatest thing that ever happened—to Canada." It is composed of the typical familiar sketches which have not lost in freshness and wit.

"Emil Ludwig at His Best"

SCHLIEMANN

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"Emil Ludwig dug his own Schliemann out of an enormous mass of documents left by the strange man himself. Schliemann's excavations themselves were immense—not even Tut-ankh-amen's grave has yielded richer gold treasure; but the crabbed, persistent personality, half madman, half genius, which Ludwig has discovered, outtops the discoveries in this living picture."—***Lewis Gannett in The New York Herald Tribune.***

" 'Schliemann' is distinguished biographical writing."—***The New York Times Book Review.***

"From another pile of dusty documents Emil Ludwig has brought forth a living, breathing story of the romantic and astonishing life of Heinrich Schliemann, the discoverer of the site of ancient Troy. It is an amazing picture which a master of biography has given us."—***The Philadelphia Public Ledger.***

"Ludwig gives a brilliant picture of the man's extraordinary career."—***The Saturday Review of Literature.***

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Points of View

The Necessity of Anonymity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Recent scholarship has been engaged in running to earth through contemporary documents the prototypes of the Canterbury pilgrims and has succeeded to its own satisfaction in "identifying" the Wife of Bath, the Nun, the Prior, and a number of other of the Canterbury Pilgrims with persons who actually lived at the time and whom Chaucer may have known. This sort of research into "sources" is the favorite game of modern scholars, whether or not the results justify the time and energy spent. Whether Chaucer actually had certain persons of his acquaintance in his mind, or, what is much more likely, a number of representatives of each type, fortunately does not affect the success of his creation, which is all that his readers are now properly concerned with. There is a kind of critic, however, in every age who is more interested in "discovering" possible parallels or "sources" in a piece of literature than in the thing itself. They would rather know who might have been Shakespeare's Dark Lady than find another immortal sonnet. So long as our simian instinct for gossip, for "personalities," persists, that will be the case. Where fate has been kind enough to cover up almost every clue to the creator's life, as with Shakespeare, this sort of literary sleuthing does little harm, although it adds little of importance to human knowledge. The beings who might have been hurt or injured by bungling ascriptions, the creators who might have been outraged by such invasion of their privacy, are long since dust, and their spirits can contemplate with serenity futile activities with their remains.

But when it happens to be the case of living or recently active human beings, it is another matter. How many persons have had their idea of Gauguin irretrievably distorted because "those who know" have asserted that the eccentric painter was the subject of a well-known contemporary novel? It is not here a question of the propriety of the novelist's attempting to lift a character from life and put it into his story. That may safely be left to the judgment of posterity, and to the author's conscience if he has one. "Revelry" is not the poor piece of fiction it is because its author took Harding and his lurid associates for his subject, but because he had too little imagination to penetrate beneath their obvious, their identifiable, their newspaper characters and thus give significance to his tale. In "Boston" most of the characters are "real people" with their own names, but if the story lives (as I think it will), it will not be because of this fact, rather in spite of it! As every artist knows, the effort to make literal portraiture is an immense handicap.

Whatever the rights of this matter may be, how far any writer may safely and properly take liberties with actual human lives, it is clear enough that reviewers and critics should not hastily gather up and publish such gossip, no matter how convinced they may be of its correctness. A double wrong results from such publicity,—to the persons rightly or wrongly identified in the fiction and to the author if he happens to be sincerely endeavoring to interpret life, to create. Fortunately, the vast majority of readers do not know the gossip of literary circles. They can read "Point Counterpoint" for its own sake without being teased by the idea that its author has "done" certain well-known people in London of the day in his characters, which he may or may not have attempted. The novel has to stand on its own merits, as it should, as a picture of contemporary manners.

When, however, a reputable review discusses "Cakes and Ale" as a picture of the novelist Hardy and of his first wife, and hints at other likenesses, no reader can escape having his judgment tampered with, as well as his picture of a great man intolerably blurred by the smudge of baseless gossip. As a matter of fact, the Driffield of "Cakes and Ale" is not even a travesty of the young Hardy, and to associate him and his first wife with the slut Rosie Gunn of the novel is an insult to the memory of a great writer, that might well serve as cause for a suit of libel, not against the author of the novel, however ill-advised he may have been, but against the publishers of the review that has helped to spread abroad the miserable gossip. If it were not for the broadcasting of the gossip, whether true or false, few readers would realize what indiscretion or malevolence a writer was capable of, where he deliberately purposed his caricature, and the aborted creation (such as "Cakes and Ale") would speedily die. But when reviewers attach the scandal interest to a book by discussing how much of Hardy's life was actually transferred to Mr. Maugham's pages and what other contemporaries he may have sketched, a wholly fictitious and noisome notoriety is created. Nor is it any excuse that it is "common talk" among those who know, or admitted by the friends of the writer or of his victim, or that the scandal has already been exploited in other journals of literary opinion.

I am well enough aware that in a publicity-mad age whose appetite for scandal has been whetted by much so-called biography and by the fantasies of Freudian psychology applied in all departments of letters, any protest against the custom of identifying the sources of a writer's material is futile. So far as I can see the only escape for the sincere craftsman who desires to pursue tranquilly his profession undisturbed by gossip is a complete anonymity. No doubt the scandal-mongers will pursue him even there in the effort to uncover his disguise, to identify not merely his characters but himself! But he may have the good fortune to elude them, and to devote himself in peace to his task of recording his impression, both inner and outer, of the stream of life as it passes through his consciousness, transmuting there so far as the gift has been given him to do so appearances into enduring realities. I see no other way in which he can gain the necessary aloofness from impertinent comment. Otherwise, like Hardy, who was driven by abusive and ridiculous comment into silence at the fulness of his power as a novelist, he must give over the practice of fiction as an art altogether. Why should not the novelist have the right to his material as well as the painter? Nobody goes along the line of an exhibition picking out the particular models that may have been used by the artist or discussing his subjects if he happens to paint portraits. Nor do critics of painting occupy themselves with the gossip of the studio as to who sat for what in so and so's last exhibited picture. If nothing more important can be found to say of a book than to fit probable keys to possible locks, a reputable review would do well to ignore it altogether.

ROBERT HERRICK.

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Sir Roger Casement

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the review by Frank Monaghan in your magazine of Gwynn's book on the case of Sir Roger Casement appears the following:

"In his desperation he (Casement) sent two Irish American friends to reveal the situation to Grey and Asquith in London."

I have not Gwynn's book by me at the moment, but I cannot believe that he would be guilty of such a statement. No such charge has been made by Casement's most bitter enemies and it is absolutely without foundation. It is true that after consultation with his friends in Berlin Sir Roger sent a courier to the Sinn Fein Committee in Dublin to advise the revolutionary leaders of the *Aud* Expedition and his personal opinion that the munitions and guns supplied by the Germans were insufficient. Devoy and the Irish Revolutionary Directory in America, however, were satisfied with Germany's contribution as they knew that if the *Aud* safely landed its cargo, other munition ships would follow. In my book, "Breaking the Silence," recently published by H. Liveright, I deal with Casement's attitude toward the proposed rising in Ireland as told to me by himself during the days preceding his departure from Germany.

T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY.

Summit, N. J.

Critics and Critics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A reading of Mr. Elmer Davis's "Interregnum" in *The Saturday Review* for May 16th has served to strengthen my conviction, after a fresh perusal of the American literary scene, that nearly all non-doctrinaire critics are nowadays in a rather bad way. Mr. Davis is quite clearly one of them. Several years ago this sort of critic was lamenting the "animalism," "cynicism," and "license" of contemporary American novels and plays, deploring a lack of standards and stability. When pro-Communist critics like Mr. Calverton, Mr. Melvin P. Levy, and Mr. Seaver arrive on the scene—critics with a *niveau* and standard, a touchstone that is at once definite and fixed—they sharpen their pens and start talking sentimentally about the Elizabethan song without, I think, realizing the implications of their sense. Mr. Calverton, Mr. Levy, and Mr. Seaver appear to possess a stability which most of us lack; they are firm and confident, and so we have no difficulty in knowing their stasis.

I cannot gather what is the tendency of Mr. Davis, save that he is *for the song for the song's sake;* but I should hazard the guess that he would not approve of radical experiments, like Mr. James Joyce's and Gertrude Stein's, with the form of the song, so to speak.

The pro-Communist platform is, I believe, incomplete, and so I disagree with it as a valid form of literary or art criticism; but I do not relegate it to the limbo of unimportant or trivial things. In fact, the stand of the pro-Communist critics is one of the most encouraging factors of our age; if nothing else, like our most exciting novels, it is significant; and it is the business of the mature critic, as I see it, to deal with every significant factor that crops up in his time, and to deal with these factors in a serious and dignified fashion consistent with a care for the free growth of literature. On a closer examination of the position of the pro-Communist literary critics, I find them liberals rather than radicals. I can perhaps make this clear very briefly.

It was Taine who said that vice and virtue are products of their time and place just as sugar and vitriol. This was the liberal scientific view in the nineteenth century. The pro-Communist view is obviously an outcome of this and corresponds today to the liberalism of Huxley and Taine. That is why I have maintained in an essay in "Behold America" (from which Mr. Davis takes his Seaver quotation) that liberalism is not dead, as some people like to put it. A reading of Karl Marx's miscellaneous essays recently has merely bolstered me in this position.

The conservatives today in criticism are—not to put too fine a point on it—as always, the planless, impressionistic, vaguely glimmering writers like Mr. Davis. The radicals are men like Mr. Babbitt who, in the face of the imminent bankruptcy of our present money-system, take up the cudgels for order and civilized will based on a frank recognition of an economic oligarchy. The democracy-of-drift, and its reflection in literature, is passing; a planned social system—not necessarily sovietism—is evidently coming in. The pro-Communist critics (who may not themselves approve of the new system) will, however, be adopted by the new order. This leaves Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt, as well as their followers, on the oppositionist benches in the guise of noisy radicals. Perhaps this explains the *brouhaha* tactics of the Mr. Seward Collins in *The Bookman.*

In any case, I do not see how the unorientated and unstablized critic like Mr. Davis has a leg to stand on.

PIERRE LOVING.

New York City.

French Proof Errors

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have been accused of responsibility for almost everything, but to accuse me of responsibility for the notorious inefficiency of French compositors and proof readers is almost too much. If your anonymous correspondent will take pains to look up any French historical work he will find the same situation which he takes such malicious joy in pointing out in connection with the French translation of my book.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

[*The Editor of the* Review, *from sad experience in the past, must agree that the criticism of typographical errors in the French edition of Mr. Barnes's book included in a letter in this column, was unwarranted when addressed personally to him.*]

Saturday Reviewish

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the Bowling Green of May 8 Mr. Morley says he thinks it "odd that Ohio is four times as *Saturday Reviewish* as Indiana."

As a transplanted Indianian, may I suggest that Ohio's connection with Yale through the Connecticut Land Company is largely responsible for the excessive interest in the *Review?* Cleveland is notably a strong Yale town. Mr. Canby's connection with Yale and the *Review* would bring in many subscriptions.

Just fifty miles west of Cleveland the Yale influence begins to die out.

May I suggest an interesting comparison to make?

What is Cleveland's ratio of subscription to population as compared with Cincinnati's ratio of subscription to population?

I believe you will be surprised.

C. M. WAGGONER.

University School,
Cleveland, Ohio.

A Bennett Memorial

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A paragraph in the *Saturday Review* says that the people of the Five Towns are considering a suitable memorial to Arnold Bennett. I suggest they build a good hotel. The place needs a hotel. A good hotel would attract tourists to what has now become a literary haunt, and there was nothing Arnold Bennett liked better than a good hotel.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York City.

Walt Whitman

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you announce in your magazine that I am collecting material for a book on Walt Whitman and the Civil War? I shall be grateful for any information that will lead to a complete and authentic picture of the poet during this period. I am particularly desirous of communicating with all those who possess original material, letters, or manuscripts as yet unpublished, which relate to the Civil War in any way.

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Printing in Andover

A HISTORY OF PRINTING IN ANDOVER. Massachusetts. 1798-1931. By SCOTT PARADISE. Andover: Andover Press. 1931.

TODAY, when so much work seems to be done so quickly in the printing office, when awe and veneration of the machine is substituted for consideration of what the machine turns out, it seems incredible that so many books were printed before the divinely appointed inventors gave us the linotype and the monotype! But when no faster method than hand composition was known, men did pretty well with that method, and did a good deal. The polyglot Bible of Brattleboro was an audacious undertaking, but it was not unique: in many other towns in New England the industrious printer was furthering the production of books. One of the more important centers of book production in the first half of the nineteenth century was Andover, where a learned press had been established through the zeal of Eliphalet Pearson, for twenty years a teacher at Harvard, and first principal of Phillips Academy.

The Andover printing office which Mr. Pearson enlarged for the propagation of Calvinism and the intellectual nurture of Congregational missionaries in heathendom possessed the first fonts of Greek and Hebrew type in the United States: in 1829 it had eleven fonts of oriental type, "exclusive of Hebrew." From 1854 to 1887 the press was owned by Warren F. Draper, an intelligent and industrious publisher, mainly of religious books. In his thirty-three years of active printing, he published over six hundred volumes, some of which had a wide sale.

The story of this country publishing and printing house has been briefly told by Mr. Scott Paradise, and printed by the Andover Press, the lineal successor of the first Andover printing office. There are numerous pictures, including a reproduction of an advertisement of 1853 with a formidable list of oriental types in use in the office. The book is a welcome addition to the growing number of monographs on printing in America. R.

"Book on Paper"

DAS BUCH VOM PAPIER. By ARMIN RENKER. Berlin: Officinia Serpentis. 1929.

TO the comparatively few books on paper and its manufacture, Mr. Renker's book is an interesting addition, not only for its contents but for the printing. The author is a German paper manufacturer at Zerkall in the Rhineland, and this book on paper making and its history was written for the Maximillian Gesellschaft, a group of bibliophiles.

Its various chapters deal with Early Papermakers, The "White Art" of Papermaking (here the author differentiates it from the "black art" of printing), Watermarks, the relations between papermaker and printer and paper and print, Commercial Activities in Paper, writers and students of the subject like Briquet, Dr. Weiss, Hunter, and others, and a chapter on "connoisseurs of paper." There is an important short-title bibliography of books on papermaking and its history, listing some 350 books; and there is finally a small showing of old watermarks and of various kinds of paper.

The book has been printed on the hand press by the Officina Serpentis at Berlin. This printing office, established in 1911 by Herr Tieffenbach, is an interesting survival of the "revolt" of the '90's: the present book is printed in the usual type of the press, a letter modelled on the type used by Schoeffer in his Bible. It is a semi-black letter of a good deal of clarity and delicacy, yet sufficiently strong to carry well. The press-work, as in all the Serpentis books, is admirable for color and evenness. The only decoration is supplied by initials and shoulder notes in red, some large and effective letters used for chapter titles, and a simple but vigorous title page. The paper is a soft, dark-toned-laid paper (made by the author's mill) called *Zerkall-Bütten.* It is a very fine piece of printing in a style which I find rather pleasant in contrast with the more nervous and self-conscious style of much modern work. R.

Empire State

EMPIRE STATE. A Pictorial Record of its Construction. Drawings by VERNON HOWE BAILEY. New York. W. E. Rudge. 1931. $15.

COINCIDENTAL with the recent opening of the latest and greatest skyscraper, the Empire State Building, was published a large folio book of sketches by Mr. Bailey. The book is almost as tall as the building, but that is pardonable. It contains besides the pictures a brief account of the building operations by Colonel Starrett, of the firm which did the work.

The main interest will be in Mr. Bailey's pictures. They consist of a frontispiece in colors, and twenty-five crayon sketches of various stages of development of the structure, beginning with the demolition of the old Waldorf-Astoria. The reproductions have been made by the aquatint process, and the result is an admirable piece of printing. As a record of the progress of a great skyscraper *from foundation to roof*, as well as of excellent pictorial representation the book will be of value. R.

The Rosenbach Company has issued another excellent check-list, this time of English books, printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on the Continent, from 1475 to 1640. The books listed, all in the possession of Dr. Rosenbach, represent probably the finest collection of such material outside the great libraries of the world—the Shakespeare quartos alone would give permanent distinction to any catalogue. "This list has been printed," the preface states, "not only because the items are for sale, but to supply a long felt need. Scholars, librarians, and bibliographers throughout the world write so constantly for information concerning the location and particulars of rare English books that we hope this publication will prove useful to them, whether or not they are interested in the purchase of such material." It is a splendid thing to have done, and no one can afford to be indifferent to it.

G. M. T.

The American Art Association-Anderson Galleries in their resumé of the past season announce that the sixty-three sales conducted between October 10th, 1030, and May 6th, 1931, reached a total of $3,575,893.50. Of this amount, $525,792 was paid for books and autograph material. "Analysis," the report reads, "warrants a reiteration of the statement that the most desirable items, whether in the field of art objects, paintings, books, or autograph material, were the ones that best resisted the sustained pressure of unfavorable conditions, while the more mediocre were offered with less successful results. . . . Possibly the fact that collectors, in acquiring important items, are able to keep high values in a small compass may have something to do with such resistance. Books and autographs are not so much affected by changing living conditions caused by financial situations, as are such larger pieces as paintings, furniture, and tapestries. Another important factor is undoubtedly the increasing scarcity of desirable items, caused by the fact that these tend to become diverted to public libraries and museums, thus causing private individuals to struggle with institutions whenever anything valuable appears." The high prices for the year were achieved by the Dickens "Walking-Match" Broadside, signed by him and others, in the Lehmann sale, $2,000; a first edition of "The Personal History of David Copperfield," in the Ulizio sale, $575; Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," in the Kane sale, $3,200; in the same sale, a complete set of the *Sporting Magazine*, 1792-1870, $2,900, and "Tom Sawyer," $1,950; and a letter dated Philadelphia, 1 July, 1776' written by Thomas Jefferson, $23,000.

G. M. T.

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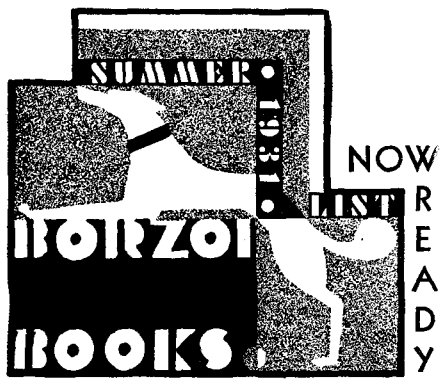

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The PHŒNIX NEST

THE John C. Winston Company sent us an advance copy of "Africa Speaks," by *Paul L. Hoefler*, F. R. G. S., though it's out by now. They also sent us a proof of a mat that "we should like to see used with your review." One would think it obvious that saying that would bar us from using the mat. But publishers are so naïve! Nevertheless, we like the look of the book, we like the photographs of lions in it, and we like the end-papers, because we have temporarily rather an interest in the Congo Belge, and there it is, right in the middle of the page. The other night we saw "Trader Horn," and it was infinitely better than we had expected from what we had been told. And here is a letter from Africa. So you see how native we've gone! From the letter, Africa really sounds rather dull, unless you are shooting elephants or dynamiting fish. It's one place that never appealed to us at all even for a short sojourn. But look what grand movies they're getting out of it! . . .

We thank the Harbor Press, Inc., for sending us their full series of "Nursery Rhymes of New York City," by *Louis How*, illustrated with wood engravings with color by *Ilse Bischoff*, several of whose prints are in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum. Louis How is a poet with four volumes of verse to his credit, and his "Nursery Rhymes" were originally published by Alfred A. Knopf. He has also done much other writing. If you wish to find out more about the leaflets, the Harbor Press's address is 305 East 45th Street, while the titles of some of the rhymes are "The Battery," "Cherry Hill," "Coenties Slip," "Gramercy Park," "Maiden Lane," "Washington Market," and so on. . . .

Clarence Stratton has written us apropos of a quotation we made from *Henry Albert Phillips's* "Meet the Spaniards." Mr. Stratton is Director of English on the Board of Education of Cleveland, Ohio. He refers to the sentence begun by Mr. Phillips in the following manner, "Chiefly because she —nor any other monarch, it would seem— is not able much longer to stem the tidal wave, etc." Mr. Stratton quite justly remarks

> Double negatives in a book which has been passed by the author, publisher's proof readers, and editorial staff certainly should be condemned in any and every literary review. The sentence beginning "Chiefly because" is as bad as many read in high school compositions by long-suffering teachers of English.

The fact is that, in all sorts of books, slovenly writing has become more and more prevalent. It is one thing to be possessed of certain information and quite another to present it in proper English. But the hasty writing and reading of the day, in which almost everything is sacrificed to sensation, has almost destroyed syntax, to say nothing of style. One of our leading novelists, who is regarded by many as perhaps our greatest, writes English that should put a high-school child to shame. Nine tenths of the novels that appear are composed by the obviously illiterate. It may be the heat, or it may be something we ate last night, but we can prove what we say. . . .

Having recently seen the movie of *Edna Ferber's* "Cimarron," we were interested, in picking up *Seth K. Humphrey's* "Following the Prairie Frontier" (Minnesota Press), to read therein, in the last chapters, an eye-witness account of the run for land on the Cherokee Strip. The frontispiece of the book is a photograph snapped on that frenzied September 16, 1893. Mr. Humphrey's other reminiscences also hold the attention. . . .

We were flattered to receive, with the card of *George Herbert Palmer*, a copy of "The Autobiography of a Philosopher," from Houghton Mifflin. We anticipate a most pleasant hour with the book in the near future, as we have heard favorable things concerning it. . . .

May 23d was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of *Henrik Ibsen*. Scribner, his original publisher, says that "Peer Gynt" still sells more than any other play of Ibsen's. But before 1930 the volume containing "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts" sold best. And we know a United Cigar store down-town where you can get all of Ibsen's plays in one large volume for a dollar! . . .

John Dos Passos has returned from a two months' visit to Mexico, and has gone to Provincetown, Massachusetts, to complete his new novel, "1919," which Harper & Brothers announce for fall publication. . . . .

Anent a recent scientific feat, we could furnish a *W. S. Gilbert*, were there one alive, with a new brace of lines for a patter-song, viz:

Renaissance Pico called della Mirandola—
Professor Piccard in his spherical gondola—! . . .

The twenty-sixth of last month saw the unveiling of a memorial monument to the heroes of the *Titanic* tragedy, and the Macmillan Company announces that *Sir Arthur Rostrom*, who, as commander of the *Carpathia*, rescued the seven hundred survivors of the disaster, has written the story of his life to be published in the fall under the title of "Home from the Sea." . . .

We think Farrar & Rinehart were right to gather together in a volume called "Ho Hum," those newsbreaks that have been appearing in the back pages of *The New Yorker*. For a while we got more laughs out of them than from any other feature of the magazine, whether pictorial or textual. Don't you, for instance, recall the item *The New Yorker* picked up from the *Times*? It read, "The four were riding in a coupe with a rumble seat, with Miss Fiske drivink," upon which *The New Yorker's* comment was, "Hm-m, a sput coupe?" . . .

The Jones Library, Inc., of Amherst, Massachusetts, has now issued a second printing of its *Emily Dickinson* Bibliography. They possess, of course, what is probably the most complete Emily Dickinson collection in the country. The first edition of five hundred copies of the Bibliography went much faster than they anticipated and another printing has been fully justified. This second printing is exactly the same as the first except for the removal of asterisks indicating the absence of material from their Collection. All collectors will wish it. *George F. Whicher* has written a foreword for it and it contains photographs of Dickinson ms. and of her Amherst home. . . .

And so, Yo-ho-ho for Vacation!

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We want to hear from the
UNKNOWN REVIEWER

Reviewers, booksellers, authors and even other publishers have been more than generous in their appreciation of *John Mistletoe*. Their remarks have been widely quoted by us. Their sincere sentiments have helped many people to discover the book. But these gentlemen have had their inning. It's high time now that we quoted some of the readers who have written us. The tone of these letters has led us to wonder if after all the most subtle and enduring of all appreciation cannot be elicited from the readers themselves. We want to hear from "the unknown reviewer."

. . .

THE KIND OF LETTERS THEY'RE WRITING . . .

"I did not think it possible in the atmosphere of present-day writing to create anything so charming as you have done." That one comes from Buffalo, N. Y. All we know about the writer is that he writes a scholarly hand, uses engraved stationery, and likes to take a little Literature with his reading.

A young college instructor in Pennsylvania sends some well-thought comment:

"I have marked and underlined very little in *Mistletoe*. I did in the books of essays, a great deal. In *Mistletoe* the scorable sentence belongs with another, and that with a page, and the page with the whole book. So when I've stuck my bookplate in it, and read it, that's all I can do to it. I can do a number of things because of it. It makes me want to write—there's that extra energy in it that gives off more than enough strength to make it a book—it spills while it flows."

From the City of Brotherly Love, a bibliophiladelphian as ardent as Mistletoe himself writes that he "just simply became drunk as he read through *slowly*, word for word."

We want some more letters like these. We want to know what the book has really meant to its readers.

Ten prizes for the best 50-word letters will be awarded, all consisting of selected books from our current list. Everybody is eligible except employees of Doubleday, Doran & Company. Judges will be the members of our Editorial Staff. Letters must be received by midnight of July 1.

. . .

SOME TIPS FOR YOU

Remember that Charles Hanson Towne says *John Mistletoe* is "Morley at his passionate best" . . . that the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says "his genius is to have written the autobiography of every intellectually curious young man of his generation" . . . that Abbé Dimnet, author of *The Art of Thinking*, advises you not only to read the book wholly, but to read it *slowly* . . . that it has been suggested that just as *Thunder on the Left* created a new frontier in intuitive fiction, *John Mistletoe*, "a betrothal of Books and Life," may mark a return of the passion for literature as a form of companionship.

. . .

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY . . .

What do you think of this book? What has it contributed to your life? What parts of it interest you most? How do you rate it with respect to the other books of Christopher Morley? Remember, only fifty words by midnight of July 1. Send in your letter *early!*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Publishers of
JOHN MISTLETOE
by Christopher Morley
$2.50 *3rd large printing*

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